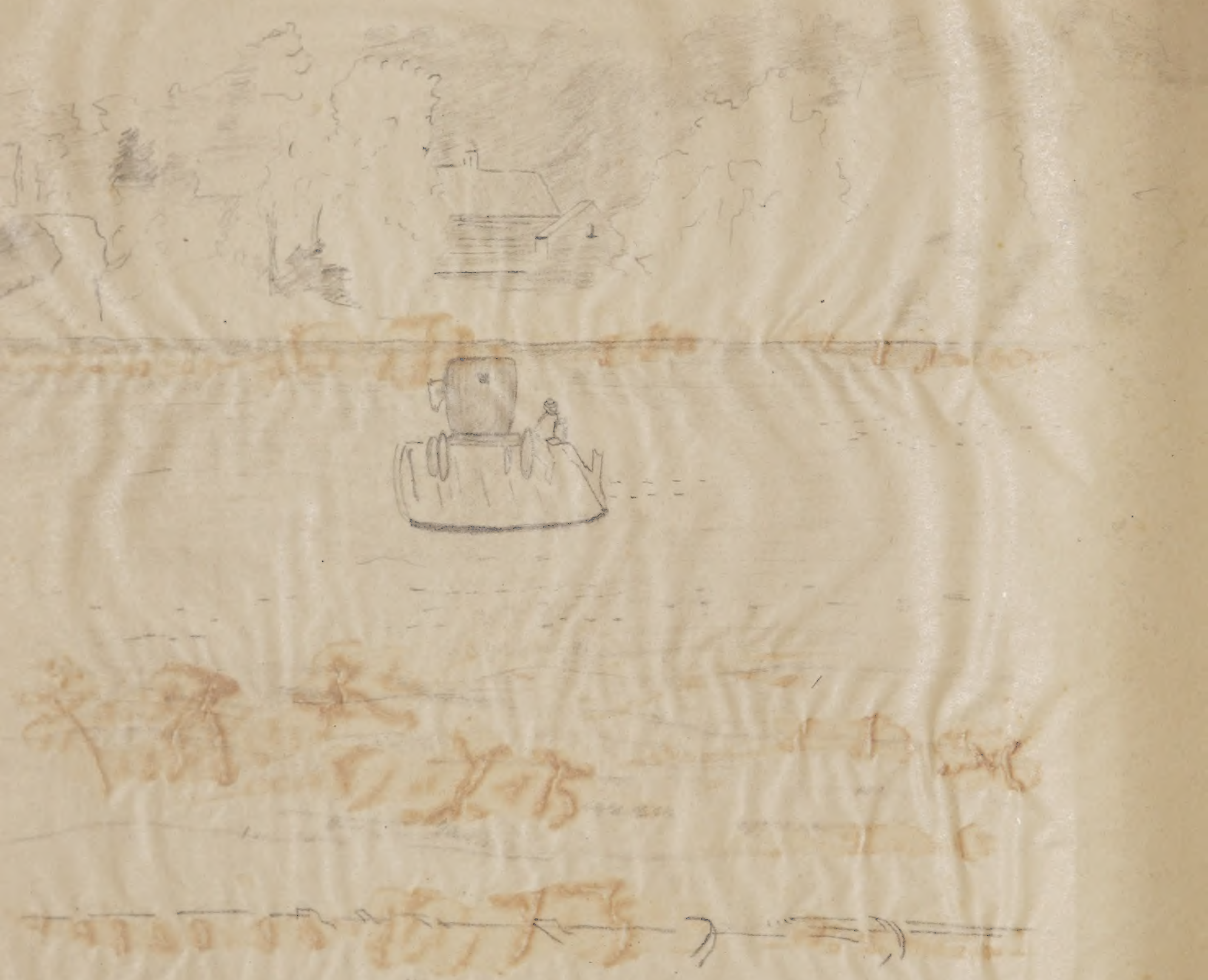
Scrap Book



S. 13. "Our River"

Sept. 186

1861.

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OUR RIVER

Book

I. History and Flood 1936.

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HURRICANE and FLOOD

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THE BRIDGE.

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IV. Encounters with Weather restated.

Illustrations variously accumulated without acknowledgement.

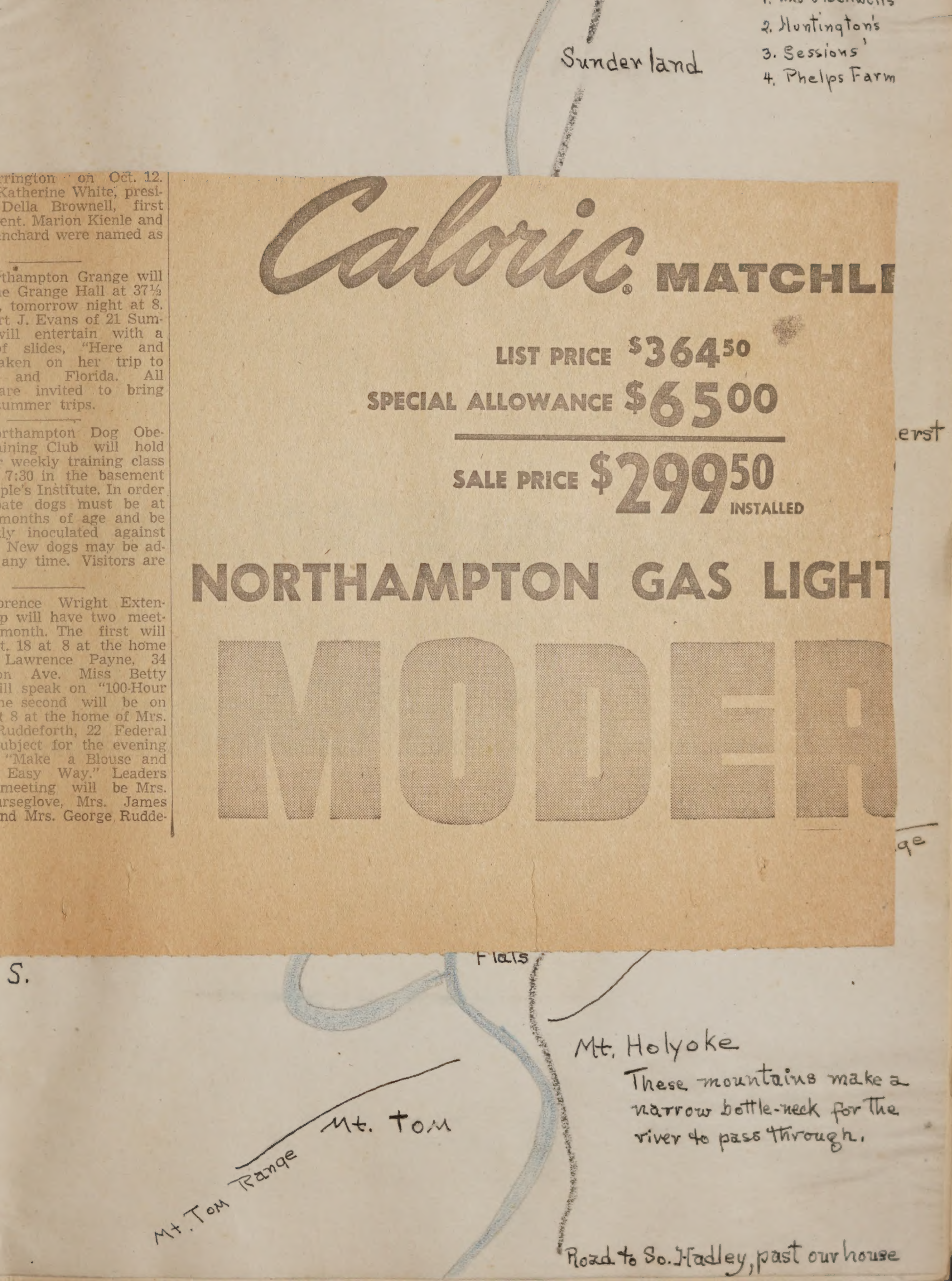
Frontispiece from a pencil sketch by Ellen Bulfinch 1861.

Newell Green

From the spillway of the first Connecticut Lake, the Connecticut River plunges enthusiastically into its three hundred and fifty mile journey through the heart of New England, touching in its course the lives of hundreds of thousands of people who work or study or play along its banks.

CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE

Rough Map of the Connecticut River as it twists past ledges and cuts through the fertile valley.



Great Barrington on Oct. 12. They are Katherine White, president, and Della Brownell, first vice president. Marion Kienle and Helene Blanchard were named as alternates.

The Northampton Grange will meet at the Grange Hall at 37½ Chapel St., tomorrow night at 8. Mrs. Robert J. Evans of 21 Summer St. will entertain with a program of slides, "Here and There," taken on her trip to California and Florida. All Grangers are invited to bring slides of summer trips.

The Northampton Dog Obedience Training Club will hold its regular weekly training class tonight at 7:30 in the basement of the People's Institute. In order to participate dogs must be at least six months of age and be permanently inoculated against distemper. New dogs may be admitted at any time. Visitors are welcome.

The Florence Wright Extension Group will have two meetings this month. The first will be on Sept. 18 at 8 at the home of Mrs. Lawrence Payne, 34 Washington Ave. Miss Betty Thayer will speak on "100-Hour Week." The second will be on Sept. 24 at 8 at the home of Mrs. George Ruddeforth, 22 Federal St. The subject for the evening will be "Make a Blouse and Skirt, the Easy Way." Leaders for this meeting will be Mrs. Alfred Purseglove, Mrs. James Merritt, and Mrs. George Ruddeforth.

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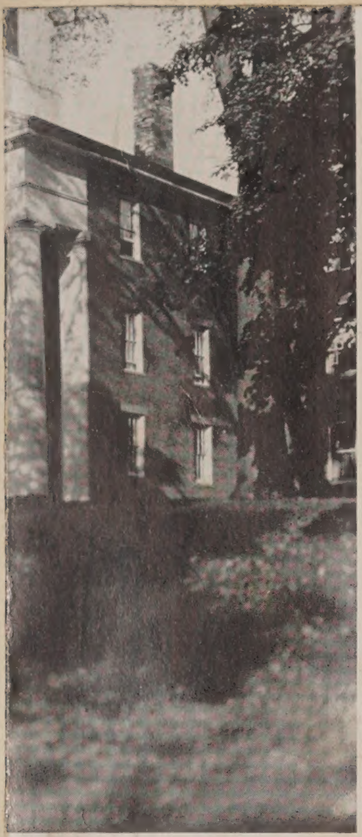
NORTHAMPTON GAS LIGHT

MODER



Dewey House, the first dormitory at Smith College, Northampton.

Looking across the Conn. River Valley to the Holyoke Range
from Mt. Sugarloaf, Sunderland.

orick West St 1913 Ice Jam"

North West St., Hadley   1913 Ice Jam
Present (1959) dike located where barn is (North Lane)

John Archibald Sessions
b. 1898 – d. Sept. 19/1948
m. Doheny Hackett Sessions
b 1905 –

children; ANN Jane 11/12/29
Sarah (Sally) Fisher 12/19/31

HADLEY

ESSAY ON CONN. RIVER READ AT GRADUATION

Saisie Hibbard's History of Stream Printed in Response to Many Requests

Hadley, July 1.—Many requests have been received for the printing of the essay, "Our Connecticut River," which was given at the Hopkins graduation exercises last Friday evening by Saisie Hibbard. The essay follows:

On a bright May morning in the year 1776 many horses were tied beneath the tall pines in the vicinity of South Hadley Falls. Some of their masters were busy selling fish, while others were hauling in fish for their own use. More horses continued to approach this industrious scene, until their number reached 1500. It was a very busy time from the middle of April until June, for all Hampshire county went fishing. Some of the men camped for the whole season, while others returned to their homes each night. Seven of the men owned a net together and sold shad for a penny apiece. Over 3,000 shad were once caught in a single haul.

Sturgeon were speared at the head of the falls and the boys caught eels by flaring torchlight. This abundance of fish had not formerly been used. The settlers had considered it disreputable to eat shad, as they felt it indicated poverty. Mr. Judd, in his history of Hadley, tells of a family who, being surprised at dinner, hid the shad under the table. Dr. Huntington matches this story with a family anecdote of one of the Porters, who, happening to like shad, ordered his Negro to watch his opportunity on the river bank, and when no one was looking to slip a shad under his frock.

It was not until after game had become scarce and wild turkeys had completely disappeared, that fish were generally used as

fickle friend, with changing moods. In early spring, the frozen highway was transformed into a roaring torrent. A moving ice floe from the North swept down with irresistible force. Then a mighty flood spread over the meadows and, receding, left a deposit of rich alluvial soil, which would again produce a bountiful yield of grain.

In 1635, an exploring party from Roxbury proceeded toward the Connecticut river to investigate the lands about which traders had told. They were not disappointed. Before their eyes lay an open and fertile valley, forests abounding in valuable furs, and a broad, navigable river affording direct communication with the sea. It was then called Fresh river. Upon the return of these explorers the fame of this river spread rapidly. In the expectation of the good people of Massachusetts Bay colony, it became a second Nile. In seasons of annual floods, it overspread its banks and covered the lowest bottom lands, sometimes for miles. This annual overflow produced the same results as in the case of the Nile in Egypt, acting as a thorough fertilizer by reason of the rich silt which it held in solution. Therefore, many of the planters took up resolutions to travel the hundred miles westward for a further settlement upon this famous river. The principal agent which turned the population from the seaboard inland was this river. In 1660, Rev. John Russell and his companions came up the river and started the Hadley settlement in this valley of unusual loveliness.

Here the Connecticut, on its southward course, before entering the narrow opening between the opposite peaks of Tom and Holyoke, takes a wide sweep through a broad basin which, long before the memory of man, was washed by alluvial deposits. Natural terraces rise from the banks to wooded highlands on the east and west. The river, navigable at the time for good-sized boats, formed a means of communication with the towns below.

Although the river provided

of Hadley.

In May, 1670, Hatfield separated from Hadley.

It had been very inconvenient for the people on the west side of the river to cross in the winter and flood seasons to attend church in Hadley. Many times the boats were overturned by floating ice or strong currents, and the people were soaked by icy water. The women and children found these hardships too great to endure; so they were often obliged to remain at home as "prey to the heathen."

Aside from fishing, there were several other profitable industries upon the river. Hadley had quite a part in steamboat traffic. In 1827 the "Barnet," a boat built at Hartford, went to Bellows Falls, Vt. The Barnet was the first steamboat on the Connecticut river and this was its first and last voyage.

It was recorded with pride that from Northampton to Bellows Falls, against a strong northwest wind, the boat traveled at the tremendous rate of five miles per hour—except when passing the rapids.

In the summer of 1831 a steamboat left Hadley for Hartford three times a week, connecting with steamers for New York. But, though many small steamboats were built and put in commission, the steamboat company failed, boilers burst, canals became out of order, shoals and currents shifted, and floods destroyed the work of years in a single night.

Charles Dickens, after riding on the steamboat "Massachusetts," described it in his American notes. He said, "I should think it must have had about half pony-power. All the boats had cabins, and this one had even a rocking-chair. It would be impossible to get anywhere in America without a rocking-chair. I may say that we all kept in the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over."

July 4, 1845, the steamer "Franklin" left the wharves at Hadley with two hundred people on board from the beauty and chivalry of West street, bound for Montague. There they passed

to find that the river had worn away the neck of the "ox-bow" and cut a new channel for itself, this making an island of three hundred acres of land owned by Hadley farmers and worth thousands of dollars.

At Hadley, where the river takes a bend of six miles to gain only one, it has worn its way into those beautiful meadows at the "upper side" more than its whole width, so that a well, which once stood in Hadley, on the east side, is now quite a distance from the river bank in Hatfield.

For two centuries, the town, aided by the state, has been fighting back the river with embankments and ripraps. Some of the old home lots at the north end of West street now lie under the river on the Hatfield side. A stone post at the junction of West street and the Bay road, which marked the old ferry landing, is now one-half miles from the river at Sandy Beach.

Through the ages, the river has been both friend and foe to its neighbors. Although it has endangered the lives of the settlers and destroyed their property, it has provided the profitable industries of fishing, lumbering, agriculture, ship - building and trade.

"The former romance of the river has departed; its quiet and seclusion are invaded; its great pine forests are destroyed. Yet unconquered, it takes its tortuous course, refusing to be curbed, impossible to control, declining to be improved, a willful stream, the same in nature as when the white man first gazed upon its water."

Flood Time—One Hundred Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1840

Large Section of Sunderland Bridge Broke Away and Struck Old Hadley Bridge. That Was the Year When the Connecticut Formed Its New Channel Across the Ox Bow at Mount Tom

(By J. Floyd Best, Haydenville)

A hundred eyes, wide with amazement and filled with consternation, watched a large section of the Sunderland bridge break from the main structure and sail majestically downstream on the crest of the flood.

The breath of spring fanned through the valley, and the mercury touched the eighties three times in succession. "Old Man River" felt an urge to break the bonds of heavy ice hampering his self expression, and on Monday, Feb. 24, 1840, he succeeded.

Noise of the breaking ice, together with the shouts of onlookers, soon attracted an audience along the shore and at the Hadley bridge. Men, women and children gazed with awe and expectancy at the wildly bouncing cakes in the ever widening channel. The heavy cakes were striking the ice breakers on the upstream side, being broken up and veered to one side, so as not to damage the piers.

The Hadley bridge was the pride of the county. The piers were the heaviest stone piers that had ever been built in this section, and the bridge spans, or reaches, were of rugged construction to withstand the ravage of time and element.

Water was now flowing over the ice on either side of the river. The channel widened as piece after piece broke away from the main body along the shore. Faster and larger came the cakes from upstream. Water was now over the tops of the ice breakers, so that they no longer afforded protection to the piers, now being bombarded incessantly by the oncoming ice.

The river continued to rise with unusual rapidity, and at 9 a. m. a large section of ice broke loose from the Hadley shore, swung slowly into the current, gained speed with every yard, and came crashing against one of the sturdy piers. The force and weight of the impact was irresistible and it sheared the top of the pier off down to the water line.

So unexpected was this that the onlookers were speechless as they watched the two sections that a moment before rested solidly on the pier sag slowly into the water. The ice piled up against them until they broke loose at the outer ends and were carried away downstream.

It seemed that the two spans left on the Hadley side were destined to hold, but then word came that a great wall of ice was forming at the Bottle Neck, where there was a narrow, sharp turn of the river as it flowed around in a great loop to form the Ox Bow.

The section within the great loop comprised some three hundred acres of fine farm land and was a part of Hockanum meadows.

The river channel made nearly a complete circle, returning on its course to within twenty-five rods of its original turn. This loop was about three and one-half miles in extent.

A shout arose from the throng on the Hadley side, quickly taken up by those on the Northampton shore. In the distance, there appeared a great ship-like object, as high as a house and fully seventy-five or one hundred feet in length. As it came closer, it was identified as a large portion of the Sunderland bridge, upright and but slightly damaged.

This great bulk bore down on the remaining section of the Hadley bridge, striking end on, swung broadside against the pier, and was quickly ground to kindling by the onrushing ice.

Weakened by that terrific impact, the sturdy span was no match for the rising water and the heavy cakes that soon piled against it. So within an hour it gave up the struggle and floated downstream.

When the water subsided, it was found to have cut a new channel across the neck of land at the entrance to the Ox Bow, having formed an island of that rich piece of ground within the bow. As a part of Hockanum meadows, this land was valued at one hundred dollars per acre. Now it was merely an island of very uncertain worth.

One span of the bridge landed and was made secure above the Hockanum ferry, while another beached at the ferry, an-

AIRPLANE VIEW OF FLOODED AREA NEAR NORTHAMPTON
Taken by Globe staff photographer William O'Connor.

In Northern, Vt, St Johnsbury citizens suspended business in the lower part of the town reporting the worst flood since 1927.

Ice that had dammed the Connecticut River at Windsor, Vt, and forced several families from their homes broke last night and a roar of water rushed on the Bellows Falls Dam of the New England Power Company. No serious consequences were anticipated.

Naer Mt Tom, the Connecticut River hit an ice jam 30 feet high and a quarter mile wide. The river backed up six miles and the Red Cross at Northampton took over the State Armory to house flood refugees. The National Guard sent 50 cats in trucks for the flood sufferers. Blankets and other bedding were available at the Armory.

Late last night the Mohawk Trail at Charlmont which had been closed all day was reopened.

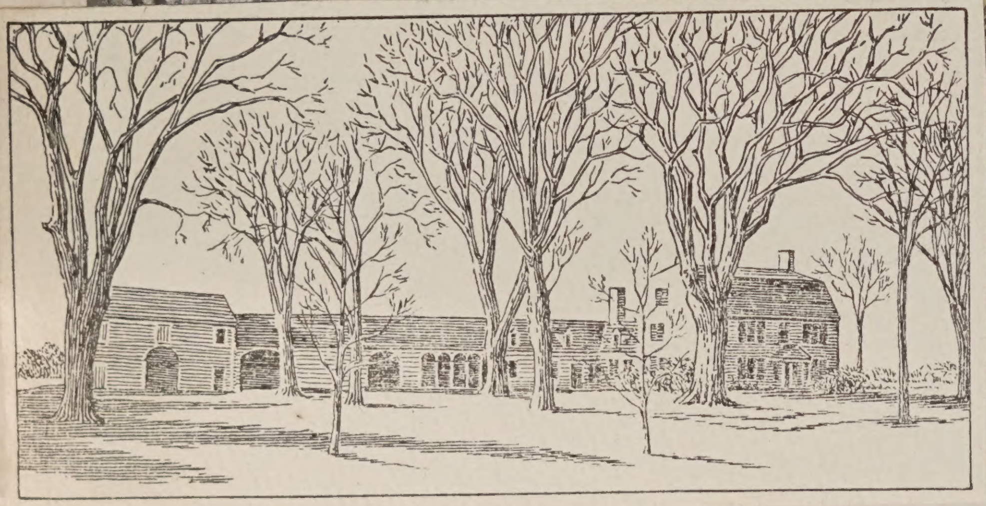
—SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1936

Jimmie ---------John's cousin
Roy Comins-------next door neighbor
Henry Comins)
Bembens) neighbors
Trushka----------our dog
Mr. Riley--------our herdsman and foreman
Johnny Duffy-----our dairyman
Wemyss-----------our hired man
Catharine--------Jimmie's sister
Freddie----------Jimmie's brother
Elsie------------Freddie's wife
Martha-----------Mr. Riley's daughter
Mrs. Scott-------old friend of the family
Lee--------------our route man

Distance to Northampton usually 5 miles.

Wednesday morning, March 18th, 1936, dawned rainy and gray after a night of rain. We could see the river swollen and angry as the mist lifted now and then. Bridges of green grass showed on the lower meadow between lakes of fast rising water. At 10:30, I took the children to Northampton to the dentist, and the water at Coleman's Brook was as high as it had been at the time of the ice-jam high-water the week before. The water under the Hadley bridge was heavily shrouded in mist and seemed so close to the floor of the bridge that I feared we would not get back before the bridge was closed. We hurried through our errands and got home at noon with the water very much higher everywhere. John telephoned the State Police about the prognostications for flood heights and whether or not the bridge would be closed. They did not know when the peak would be reached, rain was to continue at least 24 hours, and the bridge would surely have to be closed. John got the truck loaded with as much milk as Lee could carry and sent him over to Northampton by 3 O'clock, with instructions to ice the truck, park it at the Manse, and stay with John's Mother at 13 Belmont Ave. John was worried as to whether or not he could move his pasteurizing equipment. As we had not been here in 1927, we didn't know where the water might come to, but John felt he should move the cows to higher ground as the Police predicted higher water than in 1927. I couldn't believe it would be necessary. John went to Hadley and felt an ominous atmosphere down there. Because John had eaten no lunch, I made coffee at 4 o'clock, but John only drank ½ a cup and was off again. We heard that Jimmy was on his way from Boston and at 5 o'clock when Mrs. Scott drove down to see the flood, the water was pouring down the bulkhead of the Chaisehouse. While she was there, the water which had backed in on our upper meadows met the water coming over the edge of the bank from the lower field. We decided to send the children up to Mrs. Scott's for bed, which we did at 6 o'clock. Then we hurried over to the Chaisehouse to move furniture to the second floor. The water was coming over the south driveway and filling the basin in front of the house. We had one flashlight. Mrs. Comins had pulled the electric switch during the afternoon and the oil-burner had been removed.

Everything we could, we moved upstairs or set up on chairs. Of course we forgot to take out lower desk drawers. When Mr. Riley called that the water was pouring over the north driveway, we hurried out and waded across. As Mr. Riley went down the road in the dark and wet, he called out, "Here's the Doc". We couldn't understand him nor did our ears recognize the scuffing noise that was Jimmy walking up the road, carrying a basket - his shoes in his pocket and his overshoes loose and sloppy with water he'd



FORTY ACRES

Captain Moses Porter buikt this house for his bride Elizabeth Pitkin in 1752. Three years later he was slain in battle at Crown Point. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Charles Phelps. He added the gambrel roof and improved the house. Their only child married Dan Huntington. The youngest of their eleven children was Frederic Dan who became the Episcopal Bishop of Central New York. His grandson James Lincoln Huntington built the modern house at the left in the picture on the site of the "Chaise House" in 1930.

Turners Falls Dam, wide vista of churning water now spanned by the longest bridge in Massachusetts.

By the Watering-trough

Bemben's

waded through almost to his knees at Coleman's Brook. He had left his car at A. C. Pellissier's in Hadley.

Jimmy, John, and I hurried back for Jimmy to visit his house. First, he went out on the stoop to compare the height of the water in 1927 with this flood. He found it already over the 1927 level and it was rising about 10 inches an hour! He looked around the corner of the Chaisehouse and hurried back to us.

I tried to concentrate on cooking supper. Jimmy told us of the deluge in Worcester and how he scarcely got through. John had been casting about for a place for the cows, and had sent Wemyss to ask Zygmond for his tobacco shed, but the plan was abandoned because the ground was too soft to drive the cattle over without serious damage. He says he ate supper. I had not remembered it, because as I was preparing and serving it, he was with the men at the farm driving 26 of the cows and heifers through the barnyard to the hill beyond. The water was knee-deep and they didn't want to go, but one finally started and Wemyss in his hip-boots drove her through, the others following quickly, goaded by a goodly crowd of helpers on shore. To my surprise when I climbed the gate and dropped in the mire to help, I found Henry Comins and Rev. Francis Drake helping. Eleven of our best cows were left in the barn.

Then we had supper, after which John went out again to reconnoitre. He returned with the news that when the siren in Hadley blew, we were to evacuate as it was feared the dam in Vernon, Vt. could not stand the terrific waters, a part having already given way. While John was arranging to take the rest of the cows up to Mrs. Stockwell's barn, the telephone girl called to confirm the warning.

John went over to start the men up the road and I got warmly dressed for a night in the open. I can't say I was calm or collected for, when clearing the table I found myself putting the sugar bowl in the ice-box. The telephone rang every few minutes. Mrs. Locke and Dr. Dow offered to take us in, but if they could have seen the river, they'd have known we would never have been able to get to their side. Once when the bell rang, the operator gave me the same message about evacuating which had been given to John, but at the same moment I heard a siren blowing and I told her I could not tell whether it was Amherst or Hadley. She called the Amherst operator and found there was a fire in Amherst - our siren was not to blow for another hour. Jimmie went out to help John lead a cow and I drove the Buick to hurry the boys back to the farm for another trip. Ofcourse I had Trushka in the car, not knowing when I'd get back to our house. On the way up the road with the last cows, we heard the siren blow and men called out to those in the houses along the road. There was a sharp tone of anxiety in their voices and I felt as if the menacing black sheet of water lapping a few feet from the road might engulf us at any moment. Jimmie, John and I hurried back to the farm, where Jimmie carried a struggling calf to the Horse Barn, which is built up higher than the cow barn. Mrs. Riley Martha and their dog had already driven up to North Hadley. John pulled the main electric switches and started the old truck onto the roadway for me to drive-then he got the tractor, and Jimmie drove the Buick. We went slowly up the road. Halfway up, we met the boys coming back, and they took charge of the vehicles as the street lights went out at 11:45. Mr. Riley went back to move his hens and his canned food out of his cellar. Wemyss helped to move Mrs. Comins' furniture off the first floor, and so we all evacuated. The Bembens left a porch light on and Henry Comins left a porch light on and Henry Comins left lights in his house. As we watched the waters rise during the night, the Bembens' porch railing disappeared beneath the flood.

Dr Jimmy's "Forty Acres"

Waters round about, looking south

Depth of 10 inches on first floor

Depth of 18 inches in Chaise House

Water receding from edge of the road.

From the Road, looking north west.

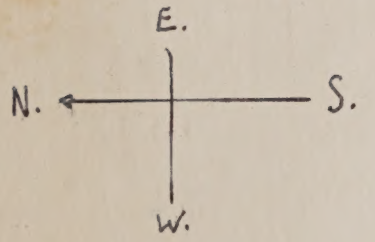
About 3 a.m., when Jimmie, John, and I walked back down the road, we found it covered below the watering trough. The roar of the river was frightful, and with one accord, we turned and quickened our steps to higher ground.

Mr. Riley and Johnny Duffy took a nap in the barn where Johnny got thoroughly chilled being wet. Mrs. Stockwell made him breakfast at 4 a.m. I stayed in the car with Trushka. At one time the Northern sky was all illumined by a pale green light for several seconds - the river had engulfed a power house in Turner's Falls. At another time, I heard the collapse of a tobacco barn somewhere like a trainload of boards clattering down. Jimmy slept fitfully in Mrs. Stockwell's parlor and John periodically made the rounds to everyone. But really, no one rested in all North Hadley that night. We had become part of North Hadley, isolated from Hadley by the water over the road at Coleman's Brook. Our farm was the last accessible place on a "dead-end" road. By Aaron Scott's, the abutement of the bridge there caved in leaving a sheer drop of 30 feet into the stream below. The river backed up evenly with the dam behind the store so there was no fall visible - just turbulent, muddy water. The rain still came down in showers and the river continued to rise. Mrs. Stockwell made us all breakfast at about 5 a.m. and with daylight we drove down to the farm in the truck. Of course the river was over the road north of Bemben's house, about ten inches deep, but we drove through easily and into the farmyard. The water had backed up from behind the barn almost to the horse barn and halfway over the field between our house and the barn. John was able to wade into our house, which still had a little grass showing around it. There was a great ice field filled with wood of all kinds over all our meadows and Scott's land. The birds were unusually busy and vociferous. They seemed to rejoice that human beings had deserted the place. John went into our house to start the pump in the cellar, as we all thought that the peak had been reached - but as a matter of fact, the river continued to rise for another 24 hours. I went up to Mrs. Scott's and got the children - she had had nine children guests that night and some ten adults.

When we got back to Stockwell's, Wemyss and the children and I went down in the Brockway to salvage milk, bottles, and caps with the idea of making up a load. I noticed that the water was covering much more of the road, and Wemyss discovered water above his knees in the dairy. As he slowly labored through the water with all the things, we could take that had not been reached by flood waters, I noticed the river coming over the road by the mail-box behind us. As I watched it pouring in to meet the water we were already in, I realized we could not stay long for fear we might not get out, or might not get across the road above Bemben's where the water was deepening. Just as we were leaving, a young carpenter arrived and begged Wemyss to go back for one more trip to get his tools. Johhn Duffy drove us back up the road, and I never was so relieved to get my cargo and kids safe on high land. At this time, Wemyss got the canoe down, which Marion DeRonde had left here, and found a broom for a paddle. The water was 6" deep in the barn by then.

John and the children and I went to Amherst in the Buick on my return. We were famished and though it was only 9 o'clock, we felt it was noon. A cow had walloped John just above his right eye and it looked badly - he was not shaven and his trouser leg was torn and flapping. I was not much tidier in snow pants and an old leather coat. We looked like, and were, refugees. We learned that all all the Hadley people were at the Amherst College "Cage" and people from Sunderland, at the State College. I gained slight amusement from a man who asked us if we were staying in the cage, for we looked like Hadley people. I quite lost my temper at a young man who was asking directions of a policeman because he wanted to "see" the flood. I lectured him severely, but that was only the beginning of the sightseers who annoyed us all. It is queer to be set apart from the world by circumstances and then stared at by fellowmen .

HADLEY DURING THE FLOOD—MARCH 1936



From the Northampton end of the train bridge looking towards HADLEY. The trolley bridge is discernable south of the vehicular bridge.

I sympathise with people in Europe who line up to stare at staring Americans. It is beastly to be stared at, and we had no chance to retaliate except by setting up police protection to keep people out altogether.

While we were in Amherst, we met Mrs. Atherton Sprague, who asked to relieve us of Ann and Sally. I was only too happy to let her take them, because I knew she'd do even better for them than I, and with them safe, I was free to help where I could. Mrs. Stockwell gave us lunch and took us in with such fine hospitality that we all had a really good time during our "visit" with her. After lunch, I met Catharine who had left Boston at 7:30 a.m. She can testify to the terrific speed of the current the the extraordinary sight of the general inundation. Wemyss and I took the canoe across Huntington pasture down to our house, while John snatched a short nap. Opening the back door, I thought the field would drain in, so much water poured in to fill the cellar. It was only a slight loss, but I felt sad to know that my best blankets-beaver coat, extra fine evening dresses of past glory, were in a trunk in the depths. I found our gray kitten and took her back with me to Stockwell's. I also exchanged the barn broom for a Fuller brush broom - it made a much better paddle for me, being lighter. And now as I use it for prosaic daily sweeping, I feel it has a certain glory added for having swept me over the murky flood waters.

John and I then walked to the highest hills nearby to get the unbelieveable magnitude of the flood. From the foot of our hill, water extended to Whately. We could see where it had cut across the dike in Hadley, devastating homes there. Hatfield was cut off - surrounded by sweeping currents with no telephones to communicate their plight. We had lights, telephone, and at the Stockwell's, warmth, good cheer, and fine food.

Friday morning, about 3 a.m., the peak of the flood was reached. After breakfast, John, Wemyss, and I went down to the house in the canoe. They left me to hunt for our other two cats while they, with Mr. Riley and John Duffy took 3 bags of Beet Pulp over the waters to the cows on the hill and to milk as many as they could. The day was clear and sunny and the cows, after their feed lay in the sun on the hillside as contentedly as if it were a summer day. The men had gone to them through the woods on Thursday and caught and milked them one by one on the ground, but the Beet Pulp was the only food they got, aside from what they gleaned from the pastures. I found one cat on the wood-pile. She seemed very sickly and we put her out of misery. The mother cat was on the window-sill under the porch, and I waded out barefooted through six or eight inches of icewater to knock a hole in the lattice. Then I pushed her a board and she came out to me very anxious and distressed. John spent some time at the telephone trying to arrange transportation by air or motorboat for his milk, finally arranging for Lee to return to Amherst where the State College would pasteurize the milk. Airplanes could not land on this side. Jimmie went to his house, where water was 18" deep on the floors. When he came back, he tied the canoe to a tree at the entrance of his driveway, as it turned out, to be loaded later on the truck and returned to its shelter in the shed. I got together some clean clothes for the children, and after lunch, John and I went to Amherst to meet Lee. Wemyss took over the milk and the rest of our bottles. From Northampton, Lee went to South Deerfield, Conway, Ashfield, Shelburne Falls, Greenfield, over French King Bridge, Millers Falls, Montague, Leverett, Shutesbury into Amherst. There the State College turned to, bottled milk, sterilized cans, etc., and we sent Lee back to Northampton with enough milk for two days - total of 150 miles round trip. We went back to Stockwell's for supper and bed.

Summer 1935

Spring 1936

Looking west from the Hill — all River

The back water in Coleman's Brook met the over flowing River at Phelps Farm.

Saturday dawned rainy again, but the river was definitely on the ebb. Although the water was still high, being up to the elm tree by the cottage in our yard, the men went early to work cleaning out the barn. In two hours, they had it ready, with dry shavings and a thick coat of old hay for bedding, and a good feed of hay in the mangers. Roy's cows had suffered in the damp tobacco shed that had been their shelter, as they had been tethered in a makeshift way and to the already muddy floor had been added the accumulation of several days confinement which could not be cleaned up. So down the road came the first returning settlers, - a rather thrilling sight of life returning to drying land - and soon Roy's cows were in warmer quarters devouring feed which had been denied them. One cow was left behind, to be removed later to Mrs. Stockwell's barn, as she was recovering from the ill effects of being suddenly shifted from heavy feeding to nearly nothing. Our own cows in Mrs. Stockwell's barn had had hay, which was stored there and a little grain which we took up from our barn. By then, the water showed such a definite decline, and Mr. Riley wanted to get ours back into their routine as soon as possible, that it seemed perfectly safe to fill up the barn again. Down the road came another procession and only Bemben's cows, horse and pigs were left at Mrs. Stockwell's. The cows on our hill were led and driven through the woods to Roy's line, down by his shed to the road, and then home. By noon, our barns were bulging with over 60 head of live stock.

While the men were busy at this, Jimmie and I went to get eggs and provisions. Ignominiously, I bogged the car in a hole and had to have help to get out. It was a most unpleasant experience for all of us and one which developed what Jimmie termed an inferiority complex in the driver, for indeed, I don't feel competent to judge what is an innocent puddle and what is a treacherous quagmire anymore.

By afternoon, the river had gone down enough for us to walk into our house without boots and our faithful sump pump was pushing the water out of our cellar as fast as it could, though under five feet of water itself. It is one of those freak experiences which are unaccountable, for an electric motor to function steadily under water for 34 hours. John was busy getting a police guard for our one North Hadley bridge behind the store. This had big holes on four corners, and with the steady stream of sightseers showed serious signs of giving out altogether. Jimmie stood as Horatius and turned back many cars before the guards came. The boys cleaned the dairy and sterilized the utensils and Mr. and Mrs. Riley moved back to the cottage. Telephone service was resumed at the farm. Freddie and Elsie appeared about 5 o'clock from New York, having crossed the river at Thompsonville, Conn. with perfect ease.

Sunday was clear with a 45 mile an hour wind blowing. The electrician came over about noon to help John rig a motor to the blower in our cellar so as to get our furnace going. This was the only motor on the place to suffer, though most of them had been under water. John was busy all day doing this, while Jimmie had the Bad Boy of North Hadley doing a good job digging silt off the stoop. Freddie took Jimmie to Hadley in his car and Jimmie drove his own back - it had been safe from water all the time. We went to Hadley to deliver milk to someone who had gone back to their house on Middle Street. This street was not hurt, but from Gaylord's store on westward one could easily see water and devastation. Day by day as the water recedes, the signs of wreck and ruin were laid bare. Hadley and Hatfield seemed worst struck of all the valley, though each town has stories of suffering and loss. One time when we had the

County Commissioners

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NORTHAMPTON

N. SEELYE HITCHCOCK
EASTHAMPTON

JOHN R. CALLAHAN, JR.
HADLEY

County of Hampshire

Northampton
Massachusetts

March 26, 1936

To guards on Hadley Bridge:

Please allow the Phelps Farm of Hadley to drive over and return with a light load of milk for people of Northampton.

C. E. Hodgkins

Crossing the Mill Stream into North Hadley

radio going, Jimmie and I heard a man speaking of the destruction the Potomac had wrought: Why it was just dreadful, he said, the pansy beds were ruined.

Sunday, Jimmie brought up the 200-year old Family Journal and Letters from his safe and started drying them out. He did not think they would be seriously damaged and took them to Boston with him early Monday morning.

Monday, I collected the children. Sally had shed her first tooth but they were well and happy - happy until they got in the car and then they cried at everything. Lee came to Amherst over the Williamansett Bridge and so to North Hadley and the farm - 42 miles. Until Saturday, he came this way, but as roads were opened, the distance was finally cut to 21 miles. On Saturday, he had to pass to go over our old shaky bridge. The State Health Inspectors had checked the farm on Monday, so we were all ready to begin again then. Washouts in the road were filled with sand by the highway department, mud was ploughed off, and we again became a part of Hadley. As the water went down, destruction and ruin gradually emerged from the mud - too awful and appalling to describe. In comparison with our neighbors in Hadley, we had had a lark and the damage to our property was negligible. Our meadows are covered with mud - probably fertile land washed out of what are now gullies 15 feet deep on our neighbors' tobacco and onion land. Three islands have appeared on the Hatfield shore.

Though we are now functioning almost normally, there is a lot of clearing up of debris to do as soon as the land is dry enough. Our own side of the road is nearly dry, and the green grass coming up makes it look quite springlike. But aftermaths continue to crop up with hay heating and having to be moved - 20 tons of ours in Roy's shed, and drains plugging with renewed use. But these are minor to the fact that we can again function at all.

Preparing a new crossing

VOLUNTEER FLOOD WORK AT HADLEY

Few weeks in the history of Hadley have been more momentous than the week of March 18, 1936. There were many acts of heroism and unselfish assistance. When Leonard F. Bidwell of Salem, skipper of the Sea Scout ship "Viking", learned that a heavy boat was needed in Hadley he at once rounded up a crew and volunteered his services. Their splendid cooperation played a part in the saving of the lives of four men and in the rescuing of twenty-two marooned flood victims. Several other skilled boatmen from this vicinity also performed many brave rescues.

One of the bright spots during the flood was the remarkable exhibition of neighborly loyalty and friendliness shown by Amherst people and Amherst institutions. Amherst College and Massachusetts State College were ordered to make arrangements to take care of all Hadley refugees in their gymnasiums, and to use every college facility for the comfort and safety of the visitors. Hadley people will be forever grateful for the manner in which the two colleges, the Amherst American Legion, the Amherst Women's Club and the people of Amherst who responded to their need in this time of disaster.

The C. C. C. boys and the P. W. A. corp of workers were of great assistance in cleaning up houses and in assisting in other health problems. Hadley townspeople outside the flood area also gave freely of their time in aiding the temporarily homeless refugees.

The Red Cross was, of course, on the scene to help the refugees. The adequate handling of immediate food and clothing problems was little less than remarkable. It is now nearly three months after the flood, and the Red Cross is still busy with permanent rehabilitation problems.

To this observer it appears that anyone at all able to offer assistance did so cheerfully and efficiently. To these organizations mentioned here and all those who may not have been mentioned goes the heartfelt gratitude of all Hadley citizens.

Connecticut Flood

BERTRAM O. MOODY

"HELP!"

Out of the darkness, perhaps ten feet away, came the cry—not as a man in terror, but as one seeking aid.

"HELP!"

A second later—this time farther away—downstream. Strange that I could hear it and do nothing! Was the voice real? A torrent of icy water was flowing over me. I clung to some crackling branches, my body a surfboard straight out in the current. I fought to keep my head above the churning surface.

"Help!"

This time it was a faint murmur above the roar of the waters—it came no more.

*

"Hey, Dad, hold on! I'm coming! Get up the tree!"

Out of the darkness shot the form of my son, crashing into the branches where I hung on. Together we fought desperately. Inch by inch, we gained against the current.

"Greater love hath no man," shouted Gordon, as we swung clear of the water and stood stunned and gasping in the top of a little apple tree—a scant six inches in diameter, its top branches weaving a circle four feet above our heads.

"Yes," said I, "but we aren't drowned yet."

Two yells came over the roar of the waters. Hart and Hannigan were in the other tree not twenty feet away. All four of us were safe for the moment—dripping wet and chilled to the bone. The man we had come out to rescue had gone down in the troubled current.

*

Twenty minutes before, we had been in our sixteen-foot outboard motor-boat, floating easily in the main street of Hadley, unloading onto a purring truck the last of the marooned folk from the West Street area.

Tonight the angry Connecticut was intent on making a new path across the fields. Already the West Street common was a vast waste of water—three feet deep on the highway, nearing the piazza roofs farther down the street—rising a foot an hour. Out beyond, on the main highway to the river, all the women and children had been picked up. Only a handful of hardy men remained.

The street lights were out, the houses dark save for an occasional kerosene lamp left burning in a window. The fire siren was wailing out the signal that the Turner's Falls dam, twenty miles up river, had gone. The warning bark of the state-police revolvers echoed from a distance.

"There'll be hell down here before morning!" came a voice from the truck. "The water's up a foot since your last load. There'll be nothing left beyond West Street."

"Who's out beyond?" we asked.

"McGrath's the nearest. You might get him. But you'll never make it."

We looked at each other. Leave a man out beyond with a wall of water due to strike in two or three hours?

"Let's try it!"

The motor coughed, settled into its steady hum, and we slipped down the main street, our search-light shooting its white ray a half-mile through the gently falling mist. A mirror-faceted highway sign gleamed six inches above the water beside the road. We were on Route 9!

Across the West Street common we hit the current—a sullen, relentless movement of water faster than a man could walk. The motor stepped up to full speed.

McGrath's house came out of the darkness, a single lamp shining from a window, but between him and our boat was a vacant lot two hundred feet in width, and through this spillway the river was pouring a lashing flood. Slowly we gained. A piece of ice struck us with a crash, but we slid by and kept on. A moment later we nosed against McGrath's porch. He came to the door, smiling.

"Come on," we shouted, "the dam's gone at Turner's Falls!"

He took his place in the boat. We waited for a lull in the ice cakes and were off into the current. Again the full, high-pitched hum of the outboard above the roar of the waters! Again the search-light cutting its white path through the blackness! We were in the full current now, headed diagonally upstream, but we made no headway. Slowly we were being beaten across the highway, backward. In a moment we were in the top of an apple tree, our starboard pushed against its bare branches, which formed a yielding cushion against which we gently swayed. For half an instant we hung there, motor on full, and then the ice was upon us. An unseen hand reached out and turned the boat over as quickly, as easily as one would turn the page of a book. In a second it had vanished in the blackness.

Now it was midnight. To the west the street-lights of Northampton lighted the clouds and cast a feeble, fitful glare upon the waters. A light glimmered in a solitary farmhouse half a mile below us in the open fields, now deep under water. Twenty-five feet to the east was the dark form of a corn-crib, or possibly a garage; beyond that, another twenty feet, a house—so close we were to safety. A hundred and fifty feet away, the light

gleamed from McGrath's window, just as he had left it a few moments before to be taken to safety. And now McGrath was gone forever. . . . In two hours we would get the crest of the flood from the broken dam above. How much higher would the water rise? Four feet? Eight feet? We looked at the slender branches above our heads. There was no such leeway in our tree.

Ice water dripped from our clothes. Our shoes were full. We moved together and wrapped our coats about us for what little warmth there might be. Great waves of trembling shook us from head to foot. The boy spoke.

"This doesn't look too good, does it?"

"No," said I, "but it's the best we've got. We're still here and we'll stick as long as the tree does. If it goes, maybe we can grab a barn or something. Anyhow we're together."

I prayed silently—just what I don't remember, except that in it were my wife at home and the younger boy who was waiting on the shore for us to bring back another load of refugees. I looked across the waste of waters. God was here as well as on the land. I need not worry. After all, one has to die sometime. In the meantime we'd keep our shirts on and postpone it as long as possible.

We yelled for help—all four of us. Not that we expected to be rescued, for we knew no small craft could reach us, but it did us a world of good. Gradually as we stood in one position the heat of our bodies warmed our clothing, and we stopped shivering. Only as we moved did a hundred icicles torture us.

Hours passed. Hannigan's watch was still going, and we yelled for the time. His voice came over the roar of the water.

One o'clock. The boy spoke: "It's lucky for Mother and Lincoln you've got your life insurance, Dad. They'll need it now. And there's five hundred dollars on my accident policy." He looked off across the raging waters.

"And five thousand extra on my accident policy," I replied, "but I'm not ready to cash in on it yet."

Two o'clock. Ice cakes! They shot by us with ever-increasing speed as the water rose, little twenty-five-cent sizes that bobbed around like lump sugar in a sea of iced coffee, great chunks the size of a piano that crashed against our tree so viciously that the branches above our heads cut circles in the dim light. A log shot into the lower branches and lodged there.

Ice cakes! Platoons of white soldiers in irregular formation seeking our destruction. How we hated them! So relentlessly they came down. The steady roar of the water numbed our ears and beat into our brains. What would we give for a moment of silence!

There came a yell from the other tree, "All right down below?"

"O.K. so far," we answered, "but your watch runs backward!"

Three o'clock. The street-lights in Northampton went out, leaving us in blackness again. Rain fell in fitful sheets. Far downstream a venturesome photographer was taking pictures of the river, the white flashes dotting the darkness at intervals. The cold settled in our bones.

We noticed that the ice was piling against the garage a short distance from us. It diverted the current sidewise, making an eddying current with slack water in between. If we had to jump, perhaps we could take advantage of that eddying current and get to the garage. It was a long chance, but it was something to talk about. Time hung heavily on our hands.

Four o'clock. A huge cake of ice hit our tree a resounding thump. It cracked ominously.

"Time to go." I took off my raincoat and hung it on the limb, threw away my gloves, and leaned out to break away the small branches so that I might make a clean jump. Before my eyes the garage moved majestically downstream into the night. No sound above the roar of the waters, not an instant's warning! In its place was a broad stream of foaming water. The boy helped me on with my raincoat.

Five o'clock. The river was rising rapidly now, and the speed and noise were terrific. Our feet splashed in the water. The ice cakes came in great schools. A faint light toward the east told us daylight was on the way, but the fog around us made it still dark. Suddenly our tree cracked and fell over into the water. We were in an icy clutch that strove to tear us from the branches, the water pouring over us in a great wave. I reached for the log that had lodged in the tree. It stuck for an instant and a cake of ice struck me in the chest. I dodged around it, still clinging desperately to the log, and suddenly it broke loose. We shot downstream in a smother of broken ice and foam. Gordon held on to our tree until he saw me let go.

"Good-bye boys," he yelled to Hart and Hannigan, "our tree's gone," and followed me in the churning curren

"I've got a log!" I shouted. "Take th other end!"

He caught up, and we kicked towa the Hadley shore as lustily as we coul Strange how quiet it was after the ro of water near the highway! What a r lief to be doing something after the lon night! Never mind where we were g ing—we were on our way.

Strange that we did not feel the col yet we could feel ourselves growing sti and numb. I wrapped the rainc around the log and kicked on. My were going through the motions swimming, but slowly now, like a fro in early spring. I wasn't ready to dro off yet, but I knew we couldn't last long

Out of the darkness came a cake o ice as big as a dining-table. It slithere across my end of the log, and I pulle myself onto it.

"Come on," I yelled, "this cake i better than what we're on. Now we ca go somewhere!" He swam down an lay with his chest on the cake, the lo just under his waist, his feet still kickin in the water. I lay flat on my face an caught my breath. How comfortable a cake of ice felt after wrestling with a log! We were on top of the water and could go a while yet. My spirits rose. It was ten miles to the Holyoke dam and we might drift inshore before that.

I looked around at the boy. He was gone! I was alone on the cake and he was swimming ten feet away! My heart froze within me. With a great yell I urged him toward me, and finally my hand grasped his and he slid up beside me. We were still together. . . .

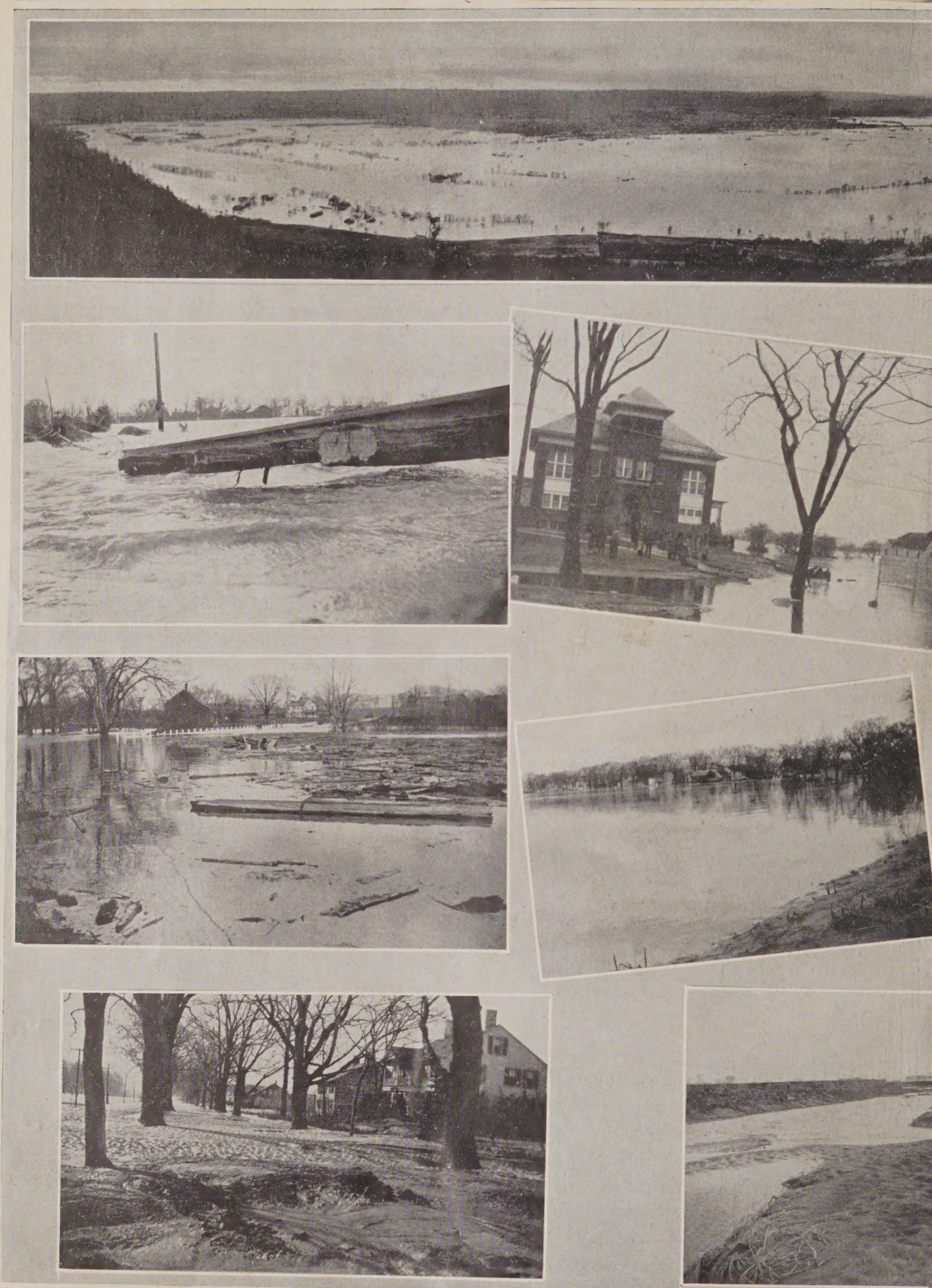
Our cake was in quieter water now, and we were drifting in a sea of broken ice. Out of the fog there loomed a black object on the water. It was too dark to make it out, but it came steadily closer and finally bumped us. We felt it with our hands. It was the side of a camp cottage, perhaps seven by ten feet in size, but it looked like the *Queen Mary*. We scrambled aboard and attempted to stand up, but it was too much for our numbed legs. There was no sense of balance in us, and we staggered about like two drunks, falling down again and again, only to pick each other up. Finally we grasped each other around the shoulders, braced our feet far apart, and clung to each other, torn by great waves of trembling that shook us all over. We shook so that it brought our sense of humor back, and we laughed. We could feel life coming back into our bodies.

By this time we had drifted near a clump of trees and were wedged in the ice pack. The fog lifted, and we could see land, a quarter-mile away. Part of the distance was ice-covered, but near the shore a strong current swept along. We yelled for help with renewed hope. It was daylight now, and surely some one would hear us. Suddenly around a bend we sighted a boat—a surf-boat manned with eight oars. It ploughed steadily through the ice. Who could they with that outfit? Two figures looked iliar. We looked again. Hart and annigan! Hart recognized us first and raised a mighty yell, "My God, it's the Moodys! Come here till we kiss you!"

There is a little more to tell. Shortly after we went downstream, Hart and Hannigan were picked up by three hardy young men in an outboard. Their motor went out of commission, and they were towed ashore by the same surf-boat which later rescued us. It was a twenty-four-foot craft, manned by a troop of sea scouts from Salem, who had trucked their boat through the night more than a hundred miles from the seaboard to render what help they could.

The surf-boat landed us in the center of Hadley, and we piled into a car that waited to take us home to dry clothes and a bed. I thought of my younger boy—where was he? We stopped to inquire and found him driving up the road just behind us. I looked back and saw him—a tired, white-faced boy in an old felt hat and a raincoat, driving slowly home, God pity him, to tell his Mother that his dad and his older brother had gone downstream in the night and would never return.

I jumped out of the car into the middle of the road just ahead of him, waving my arms. He came alongside, his face lighted up. "Where's Gordon?" he asked. I pointed to the other car where a familiar head stuck through the door. His face broke into a broad grin. We started for home. . . .



Pictures thru courtesy of Professor G. W. Bain, Amhers

Open

ollege—William Podolak—John Doskotz—Ruth Scott

THE NIGHT OF THE ICE JAM

Have you ever been startled from a sound sleep by a horrible nightmare, or by a fearful, sub-conscious something, which you could not define, and yet which filled you with dread—left you with a trembly feeling?

The night of March 12, the night that the ice broke in the river I experienced a sensation of this kind. I awoke suddenly to the sound of a great rush of seething water and a heavy rumbling. Like a grinding, devastating machine, the ice of the sullen Connecticut River began to move before the tempestuous overflow of heavy spring rains, combined with a great mass of water from the deeply snow-covered hills of our northern New England states. Once fully wakened, the river crept up swiftly and more swiftly, like a jungle tiger stalking its prey. Down came the ice and mountains of water; and as the onrush came, trees snapped in its wake. The dense fog made the whole situation seem even more ominous and terrifying.

The next morning the river had poured a good deal of its water over cultivated areas. Some people feared that the rushing water would cut a channel through part of the town, but fortunately this did not happen.

As suddenly as the water rose, it receded, leaving people with a sense of relief. But it was not for long. It seemed like an ironic twist of fate that this first outburst was to be followed by the most disastrous floods that the town of Hadley has ever experienced.

Mary P. Bemben '36

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

At six o'clock Wednesday night I started out to walk along the river bank to West Street, taking my flashlight with me. On my way I met crowds of people looking at the river and watching the men laying sand-bags along the bank. The river bank was an exciting place, with ice-cakes, logs and buildings floating by. After standing there a while, five of us boys walked down to the south end of West Street, which was flooded up to and over the main road. In some places the water was two feet over the main road. Two police cars started toward Northampton through the deep water when their motors went dead, and we had to help push the cars to a garage.

The water was rising so rapidly that the people were all moving along toward Middle Street. At the town hall a report came that the Vernon Dam was threatened and might give way at any minute. Word went around that if the dam should break, the whole town of Hadley would be inundated. The only place for the Hadley people to go was to Amherst, for the roads in other directions were all closed. The State Troopers told us to go up Middle Street and warn the people to move to Amherst when they heard the siren.

When we had walked around Middle Street for a while, we decided to follow the dike to West Street. On our way down there, we heard that the water was flooding the north end of West Street. We were advised to go back to Middle Street because the torrent was rising rapidly. We had made up our minds to see West Street even though we might be surrounded by

Edward Roberts

water, but we stayed there only about five minutes as the water was about to flow over the dike. I was lucky to have my flashlight with me, for without a light, we would probably have slipped into some hole, or fallen down the dike into the river. At 10:15, just fifteen minutes after we had walked across the dike, the water began to flow over it; and a few hours later, the dike was completely torn apart by the water.

At 11:15 the siren blew. Middle Street sounded like a big city as automobiles, filled with people, from all parts of the town, started toward Amherst. I took a load of people in our truck to Amherst, where we spent the night. I didn't sleep much in Amherst because my mind was on the flood. The next morning I returned to see the condition Hadley was in and so ended one of the most exciting experiences in my life.

Joseph Fill '36

ORDERED OUT

Water kept creeping, creeping in on all sides of the house. Danger certainly was ahead! What a feeling of anxiety and helplessness we had as we looked at the threatening current. Suddenly there was a crash! a bang! Then we heard a stream of rushing water tearing into the cellar. Investigation showed that the water had dug out a hole about six feet in diameter in the foundation of the house. The roar of rushing water as it plunged into the cellar was terrifying. It seemed as if the house was planted on top of a great waterfall.

In a very few minutes the cellar was filled with dirty, grimy water with all sorts of boxes, and cans floating around in it. Such a feeling of unsafety—as if we were walking on the top of a great depth of water into which we might sink at any minute. We would certainly have been glad to be standing on "terra firma" at this moment.

Orders were given to "Get Out!" Already the water was seeping through the floor. Up flew the rugs. Bottom drawers of bureaus and books from the lower shelves made rapid progress up the stairs as they were passed from the hands of one willing helper to those of another. And on went the game of catch!

The nerve of that water sending people right out of their own homes! "Well, good-bye Home! Hope you'll be here when we return!" And so we sadly departed for ten days.

Jennie Okolo '36

WE LEFT TOO

Merrily I walked home from school on Wednesday afternoon, giving little heed to the rising water. "Oh well", I thought, "it won't be any worse than in 1927."

While Mother and I were doing the supper dishes, my uncle rushed into the house saying in an excited voice, "Hurry and bring my children over to your house in your car, for the water is rising so rapidly that in a short time you won't be able to cross the road." Thinking that it was going to be fun not to have school for a few days, and not realizing the damage that water can do, I was not much disturbed.

After the children had been brought over, Mother, my aunt and I walked down toward West Street as far as we could. What a sight met our eyes! The water was tearing furiously across the fields. On and on it rushed, closer and closer to the railroad tracks.

I could see a man carrying about twenty people in a small truck. Would he be able to make it? The water had reached the axle of the wheels and was rising rapidly. A car behind this one stuck fast as the motor went dead. What a shout of triumph there was when the engine started! A little farther on, a group of boys were singing, "The water goes 'round and 'round", while another group answered with "River, stay away from my door". Suddenly the voice of a trooper rang out, "At the sound of the siren everyone must leave, not only those on West Street, but those on Middle Street also; for this signal will mean that the Vernon Dam is in danger."

Instantly the songs died away as everyone hurried home to pick up whatever he most valued. What suspense we all felt. A half hour passed—an hour—still the siren did not blow. Could it mean that we would not have to go? Scarcely had I formed the words when I heard the siren. With a shudder I glanced around the room. "Home—would it look like this when we returned?" was the thought that flashed into my mind.

That night we spent in the Amherst College Gymnasium, but we were all too excited and worried to sleep. It was a great relief to all of us when morning came. We went home that morning and stayed until afternoon when we were again ordered back to Amherst.

While we were in Hadley, we walked to the dike at the upper end of Middle Street to look at the river. The raging torrent swept by carrying along every object that lay in its path.

Every once in a while some big tree which had grown on the edge of the dike fell into the water. Parts of barns, furniture of all kinds, huge cakes of ice, and at times cows and other dead animals floated by. People were going in boats down past Hopkins Academy, struggling against the current. I could see two horses standing knee-high in the water near the railroad station. After a while some state troopers went out in boats to bring the horses to higher ground. The troopers had a hard time, for the horses kept swimming around in circles, and it seemed as if the boats would tip over. The horses were finally dragged out of the water and taken inside the town hall.

When we returned to Amherst Thursday afternoon, we had to go by boat from the town hall to East Street. It would have been fun if circumstances had been different. Everyone who came back from Hadley was asked numerous questions. "Is the water getting higher? Is it near my house?" We tried to make our answers as reassuring as possible, but in many instances we could give little definite information.

After spending the night and a part of the next day in Amherst, we returned home, this time to stay. As the water was still very high, we could ride only as far as East Street; we walked the rest of the way home on the railroad tracks.

Mildred Bak '36

FROM DARKNESS TO DAYLIGHT

"The Vernon Dam has gone; everyone near the Connecticut River must go to higher ground at once!" was the radio message that came to us. Through the dark main street of North Hadley we walked with blankets under our arms to the hill across the bridge.

A weird quietness prevailed and men keeping watch of the bridges talked in low tones of the danger of their being swept away. Groups of people stood along the road here and there appearing tense, but not exceedingly fear-stricken. People, animals and automobiles were going up the hill for safety; but almost as soon as the people reached the top, they came back to see the condition of the pond, the dam and the bridges.

The surging of the waters at the dam, the knocking of buildings as they crashed in the meadow and the thunder of ice-cakes in the river were terrifying. To add to our terror, a horrible darkness reigned when the street lights were turned off.

The bridge just above the dam was growing weak from the force of the water flowing under it, and the people from the village who had gone safely across to the hill were considered lucky. The macadam approaches to the bridge below the dam were caving in, so that the bridge was in danger.

We waited, for what we did not quite know. Finally dawn came to North Hadley. Then people grew more adventuresome and went on sightseeing walks to view the height of the water in the flooded areas. Certainly the vast destruction of the flood waters was not lessened by daylight, but the fear and mystery of the previous night had vanished.

Velma Russell '37

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

"Hurry and wake up! The river is coming up, and we have to move. Hurry! Hurry! These words aroused me from my sleep on the night of March 18. Snatching my bathrobe and an old pair of shoes, I raced down the stairs, those horrible words still ringing in my ears.

At the foot of the stairs I stopped short, not knowing which way to turn. Someone threw a coat to me. A policeman ordered me in a loud voice to go out into the waiting automobile. I was becoming nervous and excited.

I was running around looking for other members of my family when the officer again ordered me out, this time in a louder voice. Not wishing to risk his displeasure again, I started to obey. I was no sooner outside, however, than I noticed that I had left the electric light on in my room.

Quickly I ran back, only to collide with the policeman in the doorway. Seeing the expression on his face, I explained in a feeble voice where I was going. This time he ordered me out in his loudest voice. I crowded into the automobile, where I found the other members of my family. They were all relieved to see me. Off we started! But where? I'm sure I didn't know.

What a strange feeling! Such commotion and excitement and so many people. Was it real? Why, it couldn't be! I just couldn't make myself believe that the river had passed the 1927 level, and that the people of Middle Street were actually being forced to leave their homes.

Hadley Inn, West St. March 20, 1936

The streets were filled with trucks and people. Animals were being moved to higher ground. Officers were hurrying about, helping the people and guiding them to places of safety. The town was ablaze with lights. It all seemed like a dream to me.

We slowly made our way through the thick traffic to Amherst where we were cordially welcomed by the hospitable Amherst people.

Jane Tolper '36

SCARLET FEVER AND THE FLOOD

"I'm not at all worried about having to leave," I remarked as I stood by the window and looked at the water, which I could see was rapidly rising. Soon it had crossed the sidewalk and was running into our cellar. Even as I watched, it seemed that I could see the water creeping toward the road.

Suddenly I heard voices outside, and saw a boat in our front yard. Just then my mother came in, looking quite worried. "The police think that everyone will have to move," she said; "since you children have scarlet fever, I don't know where we will go."

Some officers in a boat came in and told us that we must leave at once. Instantly everything was in a state of confusion. People going by in the rescue trucks yelled in to see if we were getting out. My parents kept telling them that we had scarlet fever and were quarantined. If we were brought into contact with other people, the disease might spread among them. There was some talk of sending us to a hospital; but since no one knew much about what was to be done, we just waited. Finally my father went out to see if he could secure any information about where we were to be taken.

Knowing now that we would have to leave, my mother went upstairs for Bobby, my little brother, who had been peacefully sleeping. He seemed a little annoyed at being awakened at that time of night. When my father returned, we climbed into the boats which were pulled up at our porch steps, and were rowed out to a truck. We had the back part of the truck all to ourselves as a sort of protective measure. When I asked Dad where we were going, he told me we were to be taken to the State College Infirmary.

Police officers were posted all along the way. As we drew near to the first one, he turned a flashlight on us and called out, "Have you the scarlet fever family? Where's the scarlet fever family?" The driver answered that we were with him, and we were allowed to go on. When we reached the next officer, we were again asked if the "scarlet fever family" was in the truck. As we passed the other officers who were stationed at intervals along the road, we were asked the same question. Finally we reached the Amherst town hall where there were more policemen and other groups of men doing rescue work.

"Is this the scarlet fever family?" asked an officer, as we climbed down from the truck. "I have a car here; I'm supposed to take the scarlet fever patients to the infirmary." After helping us into the car, Dad went into the town hall for more information. While we waited, I overheard the remarks of the officer and his companion.

"Do you know where the place is?" asked the officer.

"Sure, I'll show you where it is if you want me to," his companion replied. "Do you think there's any danger of getting scarlet fever?"

"No, there's probably no danger," the officer answered. "I guess you can get it only at certain stages of the disease—or something like that; but you'd better put gloves on."

I really couldn't see how gloves were going to protect him from scarlet fever; but I thought that if the gloves made him feel safer, he'd better put them on. After waiting a while longer, the men, evidently deciding that they were sufficiently protected, got into the car and drove on.

We were taken to the State College infirmary, where we remained for nearly two weeks. Little did we expect when we came down with scarlet fever that our quarantine period would be completed in Amherst. We felt that we were exceedingly fortunate in being so well taken care of, and thought that altogether we had had a decidedly unusual experience.

Dorothy Cook '37

EXCITEMENT IN HADLEY

As we reached West Street Wednesday night, we heard men shouting and the roar of water. We knew the dike had given way. When we reached the West Street crossing, the water there on the street was about a foot deep. I started home to get two cars that were there. I was half way out with one when the motor went dead, but we managed to push it through. I started home again. This time the water was over my hips; it was too late to get out the other car. Our next work was to take things out of the cellar to the first floor; later we had to take them to the second floor.

About eleven o'clock the siren blew. This was a signal for everybody to leave their houses, but it was too late for people left on our end of the street. The water was too deep for anything but a boat, and we didn't have one.

About midnight we went to the barn and took our horses to a high place in the yard. Early in the morning we had to move them on to the back porch. Later that morning the Sea Scouts with Bob Burke came down to get the McGrath family. They told us there would be boats down that afternoon to get the people who were on the street. In walking around close to the house where the water was about knee deep, I looked up the street and saw Miss Keefe and her father on the porch roof. By shouting to them, I learned that there were only three families left on our end of the street. Later in the day the boats came down and took my mother and sister out. There were only three of us left; Ted, my father, and I.

The water was beginning to come on to the floors. Since the horses were nearly "all in" from standing in about two feet of water all day, we decided to bring them into the house. They came in willingly, seeming glad to get out of the water. Then a boat came down with Captain Reardon, Mr. Nelligan, a state cop and my brother Bob. We talked of swimming the horses out behind the boat, but were afraid the current was too swift and the distance too

far. When the boat left, Ted and the dog went in it. This was about five o'clock and the water was about six inches deep on the floors.

My father and I took turns holding the horses and keeping them quiet that night. And what a long night it was—the hours seemed like days! We turned the radio on and got reports that the water would rise for twenty-four hours at a height of about six feet. This made us feel queer for it would bring the water within two feet of the second floor. But, along about five o'clock that morning the water stopped rising and about six started to go down slowly.

About seven o'clock we realized that we had been without sleep for two nights and had not eaten much, so when Frank Reynolds and another boy came down in a canoe and cooked us something to eat, it seemed much more pleasant and we began to forget about the water; except that we were standing in four inches of it.

Later Friday morning the water had gone off the floors, then the work started. We all found old brooms and brushes that had not floated away and started on the floors. We didn't scrub them once, but four or five times. Even then they didn't look clean. That afternoon people in coast guard boats began to come down to look at the damage done to their houses. We were able to get to the barn in a boat and feed our hogs and get feed to take up to a calf in the attic of the house of one of our neighbors. The current was still so swift it took two men with oars to get around the street in a boat. On Saturday night we took the horses out of the house to a barn up the street that the water had gone out of.

Sunday people began coming down in boats to start cleaning their houses but went back at night. Monday we brought the rest of our family home in a wagon. We started cleaning again and are still cleaning.

Alden McQueston '36

AFTER THE FLOOD

Of course, the height of the flood was exciting, the confusion and anxiety was all new and rather distracting, but to me the outstanding aspect of the whole experience was the rehabilitation of Hadley after the flood. The tragedy that caused heartbreak to flood refugees in Amherst, intensified by the uncertainty of ever returning home, seemed hard enough to bear. Lines grew and deepened in the faces of young and old alike, but all their burdens could not down the courage that is traditional to Hadley people. On returning to Hadley after the flood, the sight of one's home still standing brought a prayer of gratitude from each and every one of us. Every grudge and difference between people was buried in the mud as they helped each other to clean out. Friendliness and encouragement lingered in everybody's speech. It was not every man for himself when it came to cleaning up, it was everybody together that kept the net of courage from breaking. As a result of the hearty cooperation from outsiders, as well as from our own townspeople, buildings were soon being repaired and streets were beginning to look clean again. We realized that Hadley would need a few years to get back to normal; but, like the grass, the valiant farmers of Hadley cannot be kept down by mud and waters.

Statia Slaby '36

HADLEY RECALLS HEROIC ACTS OF NIGHT OF MAR. 18

Many Townspeople and Others Aided in Rescues as the Flood Waters Rose

Hadley, March 30—Few nights in Hadley history have been more eventful than the night of March 18. There were many outstanding acts of heroism and probably many heroic acts which will never be known as men and women worked for the safety of their children, their homes and animals of the farm and home. The orderly evacuation was made possible by the courage and cool-headedness of Captain Reardon and his men and Sergeants Barnicle, Smith and Eaton of the state police and their men. Big trucks were driven through the rapidly rising waters into West and Elmwoods streets where boats assisted men, women and children from their homes to the trucks.

One truck which did yeoman service was a town truck which was driven by Ralph Hough. Ralph knows every inch of the roads, just where the high and low places are and was able to drive his big machine where it could be of most help.

Captain Reardon, Tom Hannigan, Jack Pelissier, Leland Sanders and Edward Hannigan worked for hours with boats and canoes in helping the people get from their island homes to the big trucks. Troopers Beattie, Kukula and Bourbeau also proved to be expert boatmen and rowed boats or paddled canoes into the swirling, ice-laden waters to help in the rescue work. As fast as the inhabitants of the flooded district were brought to the town hall, they were sent to higher points east or to Amherst by means of automobiles, trucks and school barges. Bob Burke drove the Hadley school bus, making many trips to Amherst and back. School busses from Amherst were also a big help. So well did the Hadley police and the state police handle the situation that there was little confusion or delay.

State Troopers Help

Officers Chester Smith, George O'Hara and Edward Jekanoski assisted in the direction of traffic while State Police Allson, Conn, Sidney, Bean, Fielding, J. Collins, Haley, Ruddy, Norton, Skillings, Beattie, Carney, Bourbeau, C. Collins, Cashman, Lacasse, Smith, Keating, Redding, Savage and Gniffrida assisted either with the boats or the traffic.

The work of these state troopers during the entire period has been most appreciated by the Hadley people. These physically-fit young men have displayed tact and consideration for the feelings of the refugees, and have also shown that they can be firm when firmness is needed. They are a splendid body of officers and are a credit to the state.

By midnight nearly all of the residents of West and Elmwood streets had been removed to places of safety. It would be next to impossible to give the names of all those who assisted with boats and canoes. Students from Amherst and the State college aided in the rescue work. Men from other communities brought their motor boats by truck to the town to be of help.

Heroic Work of Three Amherst Men

Three Amherst men who by their heroic work won the admiration and affection of Hadley people are B. O. Moody, his son, Gordon, and Francis Hart. They arrived early in the evening with the Moody outboard motor boat. Tom Hannigan joined them and from about 9 o'clock until midnight these four men assisted 30 persons to safety. The river had risen so rapidly and was so full of huge ice cakes that by midnight pert boatmen to venture into the darkness and fog. Shortly after midnight the Moody boat set out on one more trip. West street had become a river of floating ice driven by a tremendous current. Beyond West street below the Klimosky Auto station it was even worse. But the four men by motor and oars drove the boat to the home of William McGrath who. after getting his family to a safe place, had returned to take care of his home. A minute or so after he was taken into the boat, the water from the surging current splashed onto the cells, putting out the boat's only light.

Boat Overturned

Before the men could get accustomed to the darkness and fog, a huge cake of ice struck the boat, overturning it into the icy waters. Tom and Francis were able to climb into a small apple tree. The two Moodys also pulled themselves into another small apple tree. Bill almost made the tree, but before he could get hold of a strong branch the terrific current carried him away. The four men were stunned by the tragedy to Bill but hoped that he had been able to cling to a cake of ice or a piece of timber.

For hours these men, chilled to the bone, and anxious about the safety of the fifth man, clung to their precarious positions. They were but a few feet above water and frequently when a large piece of ice would crash into the trees, the branches would bend until they were all but completely immersed in the water. Although only about twenty feet apart, the men in one tree had difficulty in talking to the men in the other tree because of the roar of the ice-laden water. Several hours after the overturning of the boat, a log became caught in the crotch of the Moody tree. The rush of the water and ice against this log finally uprooted the tree, and the two Moody men with goodbyes to their companions went swirling away into the darkness. They managed to keep afloat by clinging to logs and ice, and after a harrowing experience eventually climbed on to a large cake of ice which had been checked in its mad journey south by a group of willow trees. The two Moodys had somehow managed to keep afloat in their journey of more than a mile.

In the meantime at Gaylord's store, which had become the edge of the river, the men in charge had become increasingly anxious when the Moody boat failed to return. Boats sent out to search for the missing men reported that the current at West street was so swift that only the strongest boats could possibly withstand the ice, which could not be avoided in the darkness. As the morning light came to assist the boatmen, Steve Banasieska and two young men from Amherst, Stub Rczeckowski and John Willard, went in search of the missing boat. They discovered Tom and Francis and succeeded in rescuing them from the apple tree. This boat immediately ran into difficulties as the motor suddenly went dead and before the men could man the oars the current had swept them back of the West street houses.

During the night Captain Reardon and Sergt. Barnicle had begun a search by telephone for boats. Motor boats and row boats of various descriptions arrived but most of them were found too light to withstand the terrific pressure of the rapidly moving ice. Some of the pieces of ice looked like small icebergs. Small boats would have been crushed if hit by these huge ice cakes. Hadley will always be thankful for that work over the telephone by Sergt. Barnicle and Capt. Reardon, for news of Hadley's plight and great need for heavy boats finally reached Salem, where Leonard F. Bidwell, skipper of the Sea Scout ship "Viking," rounded up his crew of Sea Scouts and after securing the services of a truck set out for Hadley. How Skipper Bidwell and his gallant scouts reached Hadley in the nick of time and how they rescued Tom, Francis and the two Moodys is one of the most thrilling stories of the flood. It will appear in tomorrow evening's issue.

Looking North, up West St, the arrow indicates Phelps Farm.

IN THESE BARNS, at the time the photo was taken at the height of the flood were 347 head of dead cattle. The cattle have since been removed and buried or burned. The herd belonged to Charles H. Tenney of Northfield Farms, Mass, and his loss, $44,000 in cattle alone, was the greatest loss of livestock in the flood.

Mr Tenney and his 25 farmhands removed 5000 chickens from their coops which were located below the barns nearer the river. They had no idea, until too late, that the rampaging Connecticut would endanger the barns, a good quarter mile from the river. A mark three inches from the foundation on the building nearest the river showed the high water mark reached on the Tenney Farm by the flood of 1927. When it was finally realized that the swiftly advancing water was going far above that mark frantic efforts were made to remove the cattle from the barn but the frightened animals refused to move.

Tenney and his employees themselves fled only at the last moment and from the vantage of high ground the farmer saw his farm become a lake and realized that in a few minutes he had lost everything.

Globe photo by Paul Maguire

HOLDING THE BRIDGE DOWN with loaded freight cars at Lewiston-Auburn. The Maine-Central needed this bridge after its only other main line bridge was swept away at Brunswick.

AT BINGHAM, ME—After the Kennebec wa
through with the power company's bridge.

CLOTHING SOAKED IN FLOOD WATER
MUST BE DISINFECTED

lothing that has soaked in flood water for four or five days may be . It may not be worth your efforts to attempt to reclaim it. Some gar- nay be too badly shrunken or stained to be remedied.

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me treatment necessary to thoroughly disinfect some garments may ruin Consider usual precautions for laundering colored clothes, rayons, silks, ls and try to forsee what the possibilities are of coming out with wear- rments, if you use the suggestions given here for disinfecting.

an article is still usable and home disinfection is likely to ruin it - there are any funds available for the services of a professional dry - consult with him regarding possibilities.

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INGS to do AT HOME to DISINFECT and POSSIBLY RESTORE clothing

RST SHAKE AND BRUSH ALL CLOTHING THOROUGHLY. Give articles this treat- urning garments both right side and wrong side out. Remove as much dirt ible in this way. This does not disinfect garments but makes renovation and more possible.

THOROUGH SUNNING CAN DISINFECT. Silk, rayon, wool, linen, and cotton s may be disinfected by hanging them in the sunshine for several days. may fade the articles, but if this method of disinfection seems safer, ier treatments, try it. If articles start to fade, try to fade them y turning and returning them. Faded garments may be dyed. If you need working this out, write us for suggestions, describing the garment and rial. Send a sample if possible.

LING DISINFECTS. Boil articles that will not be spoiled by this treat- one hour - from the time they start to boil - in water that covers

H FLOOD SOAKED CLOTHES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IF THEY ARE LAUNDERABLE

Methods For Silk and Rayon

Dissolve mild soap in small quantify hot water; add enough cold water to make it lukewarm. Use enough soap to soften the water and make a thick suds.
In an ideal situation garments are put in suds without soaking, as oaking may injure fabric and cause colors to bleed.
Wash quickly and gently by hand, squeezing soap suds through garment, or for three or four minutes in the machine. For very soiled clothing, a second or third suds may be necessary.
Rinse thoroughly in two rinsings of lukewarm water.
Blue white silks.
Squeeze out as much water as possible with the hands, then roll in a clean bath towel and knead gently.
Press while damp with a warm iron.

HADLEY APPRECIATES THE HELP OF AMHERST

Neighborly Spirit Shown to Flood Sufferers During a Tragic Period

Hadley, March 28.—The past ten days have constituted one of the most tragic periods in Hadley's long and glorious history. There have been, however, many bright spots, among which were the orderly evacuation of the town on the evening of March 18 and the remarkable exhibition of neighborly loyalty and friendliness shown by Amherst people and Amherst institutions.

The evacuation of that section of the town lying between East street and the river was accomplished with exceptionally little confusion. When our own police and the state police reached the conclusion that, because of the rapid rising river and the reports from north of us of possible destruction of dams, all residents of Hadley center should leave, they experienced difficulty in arousing the people to the threatening dangers. Many of the citizens, the scribe included, felt that the record flood of 1927 would not be equalled again for years. They reasoned that if their homes had survived that flood of nine years ago, there was nothing to fear from any flood which might come to the valley. The Hadley police, led by Captain Joseph Reardon, and the state police, under the direction of Sergeants Barnicle and Eaton, handled the situation so skillfully that by midnight almost all of the 1000 residents of the center were on their way to safety. There was a minimum of excitement and remarkably little terror. The heroic work by boat by the police, the state police, by citizens of Hadley and Amherst, and by Sea Scouts of Salem is a story parts of which read like fiction. This story will appear in this column soon. It is to the everlasting credit of Captain Reardon and his men, Sergeants Barnicle and Eaton and their men and to other Hadley officials that nearly all of the inhabitants of the threatened region were removed by trucks, school busses and automobiles to higher land in an orderly and thorough manner. The men in charge appeared to overlook nothing and to think of everything. Captain Reardon seemed to be everywhere. There were a number of persons in the area who were ill. They were taken to private homes or to either the state or Amherst college infirmaries. Hadley folks in Hartsbrook, at Spruce Hill and at East Hadley invited scores of the flood victims to their homes. Presidents King of Amherst college and Baker of the State college instructed the men of the physical education departments of the colleges to make arrangements to take care of the Hadley refugees and to use every college facility for comfort and safety of the visitors.

Assisted by corps of willing students cots were set up in the gymnasiums and baseball cages in the college and before midnight beds and blankets were ready for all of the refugees while gallons of hot coffee and quantities of sandwiches were given the weary flood victims. The manner in which the physical educational departments were able at such a short notice to organize their forces, and the spirit of cooperation shown by members of other departments of the two institutions were marvellous, to say the least. Meanwhile, Amherst residents had opened their homes to many from the flood - swept village. Amherst college housed 500 that first night and the State college 300.

The next morning the Amherst American Legion organized to take care of the small babies and their mothers. A total of 30 were removed to the Legion home where three nurses, a doctor, a dietitian and members of the Legion saw to it that every care and comfort was provided the mothers and their babies. At the colleges the various departments cooperated with the physical education departments to assist in taking care of their guests. Doctors and nurses were in constant attendance during the entire period. Volunteer students assisted in various ways. It was a common sight, during the ten days the Hadley people were enjoying special college courses, to see college boys playing marbles or other games with the children, leading them in singing or directing group games. And through it all these young college men were patient, considerate, helpful and anxious at all times to do what they could to make the days at the colleges pleasant for the refugees. Moving pictures and other entertainment were provided frequently. Children were served milk and it is a safe bet that many of the children never had more ice cream in any other ten days in their lives. Clothing was distributed to those in need. The Amherst theater put on special programs of moving pictures each morning which were free to the flood victims. On Saturday evening the Amherst high school entertained 300 Hadley young people to program which included instrumental music, lantern slides, a play and group games. The Amherst Women's club assisted in many ways and it seemed to the Hadley folks as though all Amherst was anxious to do everything possible for their comfort. It is doubtful if flood refugees were ever so well provided for as were the Hadley flood victims. A better example of the fundamentals of the brotherhood of man was never given. The whole spirit behind Amherst's helpfulness was that of a desire and a willingness to be of service.

Hadley people will be forever grateful for the manner in which the two Amherst colleges, the selectmen of the college town, the Amherst American Legion, the Amherst Woman's club and the people of the town responded to their need in a disastrous flood. The college men speak highly of the conduct of the refugees who, with remarkably few exceptions, showed by their attitude and behavior their deep appreciation for all that was done for them.

The last group of refugees returned to Hadley today. They are returning to their homes as fast as the health authorities permit. Those whose homes are not ready are making the town hall and Russell school their headquarters. Cots have been placed in the two

SIX NEWSPAPERS WERE PRINTED ON TRANSCRIPT PRESS ON THURSDAY

Holyoke, March 28—The Transcript organization is continuing its capacity newspaper production for Western Massachusetts, and on Thursday had a hand in putting out six different papers.

The Springfield Republican was stereotyped and run off on the press. The entire Morning Union was put out in the Transcript plant. The regular Transcript evening edition was out on the street at 2.45 in the afternoon, after which the Springfield Daily News came. The News was set up in Springfield, and the forms brought to the Transcript, where they were cast and run off on the press here.

The Jewish Ledger, a Hartford weekly, followed after the News, and to finish off the day's work,$ the Weekly Republican was published.

Then came on the night crew to set up the ads for the Republican and Morning Union, and start work on running off the Republican. The Morning Union went to the Hartford Times plant for publication Friday morning, while the Transcript plant was preparing to publish its 24 page regular edition yesterday afternoon to give the Daily News access to the press for its Friday run. The West Springfield News, a weekly, was published at the Transcript yesterday afternoon also.

HOCKANUM SURVEYS DAMAGE OF FLOOD

Much Asparagus Land Affected; Barns, Sheds and Houses Also Suffered

Hadley, April 3.—The village of Hockanum was very much in the public eye when the ice jam at Mt. Tom in the first March flood forced the Connecticut river over on to the Hockanum flats. There were fears that the river would make a permanent channel in the river bed used by the river nearly a century ago. The big flood caused so much damage over an extensive area that the problems of Hockanum have been all but forgotten. The folks of that friendly little village can pretty much take care of themselves in flood times. The residents of the lowlands along the village street are assured by their friends and neighbors who dwell on the slopes which approach Mt. Holyoke that they will be ready to assist in any emergency. There are plenty of boats in the village.

The stalwart young men are excellent boatmen and ever ready for adventure on the river. It was here that the world renowned Captain Irving Johnson first became acquainted with boats. No doubt but that some, at least, of his love for sailing, which culminated in his trip around the world in his boat, the "Yankee," began right at Hockanum harbor.

So the villagers of Hockanum do not worry much about floods. They know the temper and moods of Old Man River very well and if he gets too ugly the residents in the lowlands make provisions for their livestock and property, pick up a few belongings and go to their neighbors on higher land for a visit, knowing full well that they will be welcome. The people on the higher slopes keep a watchful eye on the river, too, and are ever ready to assist in the care of livestock and to make ready for the sudden arrival of guests from the lowlands. Then, too, the venerable Mt. Holyoke is a mighty fine mountain to have in one's back yard.

Life-long residents of Hockanum never saw Old Man Connecticut in such a rage as he was two weeks ago. The water reached levels never before recorded at Hockanum, flooded homes which had always been above high water, undermined the foundations of houses and barns, all but ruined one house, and upon receding left debris of every description on the fields and meadows. The macadam road stood up well but dirt road suffered washouts in places. A large poultry house was lifted off its foundations by the flood but the owner tied it to a telephone pole to prevent its floating away. On March 22, high gales lashed the river, which had taken on the appearance of a large inland lake, into the largest waves ever seen in the village. These waves completely demolished the stoutly-built poultry house and damaged barns, sheds and houses.

Now that the water has receded from the flats the damage caused by the flood can be determined. It is thought by the residents that the disastrous effects of the high water occurred during the first flood when the current across the flats caused by the defection of the water by the ice jam was strong enough to be destructive to even turfed land. Much of the top soil in the asparagus fields has been carried away and it is estimated that about one-half of t' asparagus land has been badly damaged. Great pot holes were made in the old river bed and unless the river is riprapped at the head of this old channel it will be but a few years before the river will make the old bed its permanent channel. This would make an island of or destroy about 200 valuable acres in the flats.

A barn which floated down the river and grounded on the flats was examined when the receding waters permitted, and to the surprise of the men who opened the doors a horse which did not appear much the worse for his week's sojourn was discovered on the second floor. One afternoon when the flood was at its height a rooster was seen floating down the stream on a box. Fortunately for the rooster the box was sent close to the shore by the current and waves and he hopped off. Much to the amusement of those who observed his adventure, he showed his pride in himself by giving a lusty crow.

The villages of Hartsbrook, East Hadley, Plainville, Three Corners, and the section of the

-2-

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fabric. In g... k mater... ed in
pressing. Pl... ay in p... dry.
They may need...

... for Wool...

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and t...
2. Cover ... with ... or other
suita...
3. Place suit or coat on board.
4. Wet another cloth with the cleansing ... lightly over
the right side of the suit or coat, ... making them
all in the same direction.
5. Work quickly. Do not use too much ... sponging
cloth.
6. Sponge off the cleansing solution w... sponge
or wet cloth and brushing lightly w... me direction.
7. When clean, press on the right side as directed for wools.

SEA SCOUTS HELPED SAVE RESIDENTS OF HADLEY

Salem Group With Big Surf Boat Aided in Rescue of Score of Marooned Residents

Hadley, March 31. — When Leonard F. Bidwell of Salem, skipper of the Sea Scout ship "Viking," learned on the evening of March 18 that a heavy boat was needed in Hadley, he at once volunteered his services and rounded up his crew, which consisted of Marquis S. Smith, commander of the Sea Scout division of the North Shore council of Boy Scouts, Harry Austin, Albert Howard and Alfred Butts of the Sea Scout ship "Yankee," which is sponsored by Salem Post 23 of the American Legion, and David Bonney, William Wilson, Paul Box, Rodney Ford, Leon Ford and Frank Hoberg of the "Viking." One of the Scouts, David Bonney, is the son of George Bonney and grandson of Hadley's famous Dr. Bonney, whose residence was purchased by Hopkins academy in 1908. The lad relished the opportunity to be of service in the town in which his father had been brought up and in which his grandfather had practiced medicine for many years. The first problem to face Skipper Bidwell was the securing of transportation for his crew and 24-foot rowing surf boat. Frank E. Brophy, secretary-treasurer of the Munroe Arnold-Merritt Express company, proved a friend in need, for he co-operated to the fullest extent and offered one of his company's trucks. This big truck was loaded with ten tons of hides, but employes of the company gladly assisted the Scouts in unloading the truck. Mr. Brophy also sanctioned the use of two of his company's truck drivers.

Night Trip to Hadley

It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when the big truck left Salem with the surf boat and the crew. Little did the men, who had co-operated so splendidly at Salem, realize that their efforts would play a part in the saving of the lives of four men here and in the rescuing of 22 marooned flood victims.

The trip to Hadley was full of trials, for it was necessary for the drivers to use detours and there was always the fear that, because of the flood conditions everywhere, they would not be able to reach Hadley in time to be of service. The truck eventually reached the town just about daybreak. Skipper Bidwell and his Scouts went right to work and in a few minutes the big boat was ready for service. The skipper was informed of the plight of men who had gone out in boats and who had not returned and, taking a crew of six, he started on his mission.

Bob Burke went along as a guide. Many who witnessed the departure of the "Viking" were skeptical as to what it could do against the terrific current and flow of ice. Three of the Sea Scouts and Commodore Smith remained at the boat landing to be of service there.

A Thrilling Trip

That trip into the swirling stream full of ice was a thriller for the Scouts. They saw telephone poles knocked down by the impact of the rapidly moving ice, cakes of which weighed tons. The sturdy boat, manned by six stalwart high school lads, who had been training for weeks for just such an emergency, and steered by Skipper Bidwell, stood the battering and terrific strain wonderfully well. This boat was formerly used by the coast guard at Fletcher's Neck. The skipper and his crew were soon at the scene of the midnight accident and discovered five men in a boat in the shallow water back of the Klimosky home. The "Viking" picked up Tom Hannigan, Francis Hart and John Williard, and assisted Steve Banasieska and Stub Rczeckowski to get their rowboat started back.

Skipper Bidwell speaks in the highest terms of the spirit of Tom Hannigan and Francis Hart. Although these two men had been through hours of physical and mental suffering and were cold almost to numbness, their only concern was for the safety of the Moody's and William McGrath. They insisted, too, that they help with the oars and, under Bob Burke's direction, the big boat headed into the ice, logs, and rushing, tearing water. The fog, fortunately, lifted at about this time and Bob and the skipper saw two men clinging to trees in the aqua vitae meadow near Sandy Beach. To the great joy of all, and especially Tom and Francis, the two men proved to be the Moody's. To reach them, the husky oarsmen were forced to row across a current which for a width of a half mile was almost solid full of ice cakes. It took the inspired men an hour to work through the ice to rescue Moody and son, who were all but exhausted from their hours of exposure and struggle. Further search was made for William McGrath, but without success.

Helped Rescue 22 Persons

Back at the boat landing, near the Gaylord store, a crowd of anxious citizens and troopers awaited the return of the "Viking." Banasieska and Roczeckowski had returned and told of the rescue of Tom and Francis.

All sorts of rumors of what had happened to the Sea Scouts were afloat. So it was a most welcome sight to see the "Viking" appear out of the fog, making steady progress up Russell street. When members in the crowd recognized Tom and Francis and the two Moodys, a great shout went up and there was a general rush toward the place the boat was to land. The outburst of rejoicing at the safety of the four men was stilled when reports indicated that the fear that William McGrath was lost was only too true. The skipper permitted some of his Scouts to change places with those who did not make the first trip, and back again into the icy torrent went the "Viking" on its brave mission. All morning the Sea Scouts and their skipper continued their rescue work. They assisted in the rescue of 22 marooned residents. In the afternoon the Scouts and Skipper Bidwell and Commodore Smith left for their home town, as all Hadley people in the flooded area had been accounted for. The skipper, the commodore and the Sea Scouts well deserve the many splendid things which are being said about them, and all Hadley is exceedingly grateful for their heroic work. Others assisted in the rescue work on Thursday. Among the outstanding heroes are William Stewart and Vernon DuBois. Their rescue work with a rowboat sounds like fiction. The story will appear in the Wednesday issue.

departments of the colleges to | and a willingness to be of service.

MOST HADLEY REFUGEES N[illegible] BACK IN HOMES

Red Cross Still on the Job in Town—More Strange Tales of Flood Related

Hadley, April 4—All but about fifteen of those who were forced from their homes by the flood have been able to return to their homes or are being taken care of by relatives or friends. The way in which Amherst people and Amherst institutions looked after 800 refugees for a period of ten days, or until some of them could return to their homes, or Hadley could make provisions for their care, is one of the best examples of neighborly hospitality ever recorded. Everything that could possibly be done for the comfort and health of the refugees was looked after by the Amherst people in such a gracious manner that the refugees were never made to feel that they were at all in the way.

Hadley was able to provide sleeping quarters and meals for her flood victims by March 27. Cots were placed for the men in the town hall, and for the women and children in Russell school. Ben Cummings had charge of this work and, assisted by a corps of young men, did an excellent piece of work. There were at one time 118 lodging in the town hall and nearly 100 in Russell school.

Some of those who were able to sleep in their own homes were given meals for a few days, with the other flood victims, at the First church dining rooms. Miss Elsie Leonard, ably assisted by women and girls from all three churches, prepared and served the meals. At one time 285 were fed. The number of people unable to provide food for themselves gradually diminished as houses were restored for occupancy. The dining room closed last evening as those who are as yet unable to return to their own homes are with friends. Miss Leonard's ability to organize and lead was a great asset in the solution of the problem of caring for the refugees.

The Red Cross was, of course, right on the spot to help, and is very much on the job here now. Later, an account of the great work of the Red Cross here will be given. The CCC boys have been of great service in assisting in the cleaning up of houses and other health problems. Sixty-three of these young men were from the Belchertown camp, and 40 from the Mt. Tom camp. 48 cords of wood were received from the army; this was cut and delivered to everyone in the flood area needing wood. The army also provided the town with lumber which has been used in the rehabilitation problems. Dr. Ruder and Dr. Lentz have supervised the disinfecting of stables and have been of much service to all who have animals needing medical attention. Dr. Maurice Kennedy, chairman of the board of health, has worked night and day taking care of numerous health problems. Robert Towler, who has been acting as co-ordinator of the various organizations which are at work here, has the ability of getting all forces to pull together and there has been a healthy spirit of cooperation all along the line.

Pet Heifer in Attic

There are so many interesting and absorbing stories in connection with the flood that it is impossible to record them all. Many ingenious plans were devised by owners of live stock to save their animals. One family placed its pet heifer in the attic of their house. Many farmers by some means or other were able to get horses and cows on the second floor of their barns. One man tied his chickens by the legs to a large box on the second floor of the barn. In telling about it, he remarked, "The fool critters would be sure to jump into the water below unless tied." He went to the barn by boat every day to feed his flock.

On Friday, March 20, two men who were going up West street in a boat decided to call on a man and his son who had remained in their home, refusing to leave their two saddle horses to the mercy of the high water.

Horses in the Parlor

One of the boatmen in telling of his trip reported that when he and his friend rowed the boat close to the house they looked through the window and for a minute could scarcely believe their eyes, for there seated about the fireplace were the father and son and just behind them, apparently very much at home, were the two horses. The father and son report that the manners of the two horses were most excellent and that the animals walked carefully about for fear of marring the hardwood floor. A stalwart young man who lives on West street while investigating conditions there in a boat on the Friday of the flood rescued a pig [from] the icy waters.

Pig on Porch

He decided that the safest place for the pig was on his front porch, which he barricaded in such a way that the porker could not get out into the water again. He failed to mention the matter to his father, who by boat went to his home late in the afternoon to see how the house was standing the high water. He entered his home by way of the back porch and to his astonishment was met by something which ran into him, all but knocking him over. He turned on the electric lights and there was a very friendly pig who was so glad to see him that he kept close to his heels as the man looked over the house. Every chair and everything that could be tipped over gave evidence of the pig's presence. The owner does not know who the person is whose warm heart was so affected by the sight of a lone pig on a porch that he had to open the door to permit the aimal to go into the house. Joe Cahill tells of some friends of his who were told by the police to leave their home on the night of March 18 as dams up north were threatening to give way. The man of the family took his wife and children to the home of friends who live on much higher ground and then returned to take care of his cattle and horses. The man was suddenly surprised to see his wife enter. When he asked her why she had returned, she replied, "If you are going to die here, I will die with you."

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TWO FISHERMEN SAVED MANY LIVES IN HADLEY

Heroic Work of Stewart and Dubois Rescued 13 Persons; Their Equipment Lost

Hadley, April 1.—There were fortunate as well as unfortunate events in those first two hectic days of the flood. One of the most fortunate for Hadley was the appearance on Thursday morning of William Stewart and Vernon Dubois, the two fishermen who have been at work this winter ridding the Connecticut and the Housatonic rivers of the fish which eat the spawn of the game fishes. The two men had been busy all night getting Mr. Stewart's family to a place of safety in Amherst. For 14 years these two men have been partners in the fish business. Mr. Stewart has spent much of his life in canoes and boats. Both he and his partner have handled row boats in ugly waters and hearing that help was needed to rescue marooned citizens they volunteered their services. The river was tearing across Russell street, down West street and across Elmwood street that morning with a savage roar. Motor boats could not be used because of the driving ice. Hadley police, state police and the Sea Scouts were busy all morning rescuing people, dogs, cows and horses from West street places. Reports were received that there were still Hadley folks marooned at the lower end of Elmwood street and on the Bay road. None but the most expert and experienced boatmen could have handled a row boat in the turbulent waters. Upon hearing of the plight of the people who were cut off from safety by nearly two miles of rushing water the two veteran boatmen set out in a small round-bottom row boat on their life-saving mission.

The two men rowed straight down Russell street and the group of people at the town hall feared for their safety as they watched the small boat disappear around the bend at West street. Dodging ice, stopping to allow great trees, roots, trunk and branches, to sweep by, and keeping out of the path of logs and large pieces of timber which were traveling at a high rate of speed and which would have crushed a much larger boat had they met, the two men made steady progress almost to the end of Elmwood street. Three passengers were added to the little craft and with the same steadiness and skillful work with the oars the boat made its way safely back to port.

The anxious watchers at the town hall gave the men a big ovation when they appeared rowing up Russell street and after cups of hot coffee and sandwiches, Messrs. Stewart and Debois started for another trip to the end of Elmwood street as there were several more people awaiting rescue. In all, these two courageous boatmen made four trips to Elmwood street and the Bay road and rescued 13 residents. Several of the men were removed just in time for they had been wet to the skin for 24 hours, as they had tried to rescue livestock. They were taken to the colleges in Amherst where they were given medical attention. One of the men was sent to the State college infirmary for treatment, and another was taken to the Amherst college infirmary. This prompt action by the college authorities undoubtedly saved the men from serious illness.

Hadley will never forget the work of these two heroic men. They did, what to many good boatmen, was the impossible, and they did it in such a cool-headed manner, and behaved so modestly about it all that they won the admiration of all who witnessed their life-saving work. Each man gives the other the major share of the credit. But to those who observed them in action the men make a great team. One of the men faces the stern and the other the bow of the boat. In this manner and by working together perfectly they are able to stop the boat quickly, dodge obstructions or floating objects, and to hit swirls and rushing water just the way they know from experience is best.

While the two men have said little about it the fact is that they lost heavily in the flood. Their expensive equipment, which includes boats, large nets and traps, which they had set in the Housatonic river, was completely lost, and much of similar equipment which they used in the Connecticut was also lost. It is hoped that there will be some way by which the town will be able to express its deep gratitude for the remarkable work of these two courageous men.

MASSACHUSETTS JERSEY BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

Dear Jersey Breeder:

You have, no doubt, read or heard of the terrific loss sustained by our friend, Charles S. Tenney of Northfield during last week's flood.

Mr. Tenney's entire herd of 346 animals was wiped out. Besides, he lost 1000 hens and much other property.

Now it has occurred to the officers and others of the state association that you and many other Jersey breeders would be glad to donate from your herd one or more animals, so that Mr. Tenney could make a start at building up a new herd. This thoughtfulness on the part of his friends would be a great encouragement to him at this distressing time. The last thing Mr. Tenney would do would be to ask such a thing himself.

Please see what you could spare and write to Mr. Joseph Hadley, Manager, Sibley Farms, Spencer, Massachusetts, who is president of the Massachusetts Association.

It may be three weeks or so before the barns at Northfield farm will be in shape to hold the cattle. When the time comes, some arrangements can, no doubt, be made for trucking the animals.

Yours for a worthy cause

Kathleen Fletcher, Secretary
Lanesboro, Massachusetts

Kathleen Fletcher

You may have heard some criticism to the effect that these cattle could have been saved. This is entirely unfounded in fact and is unjust as some of us who have visited the farm since the flood can testify.

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Owl-Interest Lovely Miss and Her Flood-Born Calf

2. Brush with a …
of cooking soda to each pint of water.
3. Rub with a raw peeled potato.

chins are up and out of the ruins of the flood will come a great rebuilding, and ere long Jerseys will again roam the pleasant pastures. We are proud of these folks of our valley land. What fortitude and courage they have shown! These are the kind of folks that make America great.

DAMAGE TO HADLEY'S LAND IS CONSIDERABLE

Meadows Near West St. Badly Gouged by Flood; Value of Rip-rapping Shown

Hadley, April 2—As the Connecticut river gradually approaches its normal level the damage to the soil becomes more evident. The erosion and destruction of those "home lots" on the west side of West street is little short of tragic. This land which for nearly three centuries has produced excellent crops of whatever was planted there. is all but ruined. It was on these acres that the first settlers grew their corn and cultivated it while men at the stockade stood watch against a sudden attack by Indians. Less than three weeks ago is one had walked along the river path from the upper end of West street toward Honey Pot, the tip of the Hadley peninsula, he would have seen acre after acre of some of the finest farm land under the sun. For two miles along the river bank and extending south to Bay road, these smoothly undulating fields comprised the famous Hadley meadows. Except for several pot holes made by the 1927 flood nearly every square inch was tillable. If one walks along the path today, starting at the upper end of West or Front street, as it used to be called, he will be amazed and all but overwhelmed at the destruction to the land on the lots back of West street and extending west for a half mile. The rushing water tore over the riprapped banks, carried away the soil in depths varying from a foot to twenty or even thirty feet. As one looks down from the riprapped bank upon what was once land to the level of the path he sees before him a miniature Grand Canyon with it deep winding gorges and its pillars of hard clay which resisted the current better than softer material near it. Several of these gorges, which must be thirty feet deep in places, extend almost to the Hadley cemetery nearly a half mile away. It will take expert agronomists and experienced farmers to work out plans for the ultimate restoration of these lands to the growing of crops, if such a thing is possible.

Farther west the great acres do not appear to be badly affected by the high waters. On some acres useless sand to a depth varying from a few inches to a foot or so will prove troublesome possibly for a year or two. The silt deposited in places may be of some value and there are many acres, especially toward the tip of the peninsula, which were not affected this year any more than is usual each spring.

Yesterday afternoon, as the writer stood on the bank of the river on the path which follows the river from West street to Honey Pot and looked down on the smiling and peaceful Connecticut, it did not seem possible to him that this was the fellow who two weeks ago was on a wild rampage of death and destruction. A flock of red-winged blackbirds were practising some chorus with a few of the boys trying to imitate their cousins, the bobolinks, and doing fairly well at that. A flicker went by on his wavy course chuckling to himself. A bluebird, bluer than the sky above, warbled sweetly to his mate and the world in general. Two ducks travelling fast flew up the river at the same time as two other ducks flying just as fast travelled down stream. Song sparrows were everywhere and as full of the joy of living as ever. On the sand were the tracks of a cotton tail rabbit who somehow had managed to find a place above the waters at flood time. A hawk floated easily and lazily by. A more peaceful spring day with balmy air and warm sunshine could scarcely be imagined. Yet the evidence of the destructive work of the now quiet stream was everywhere. Trees along the river bank had been stripped of bark by the ice and debris. An old monarch poplar three feet through at the trunk was not only stripped of its bark on one side but the fibers of the tree were torn and gouged.

The remains of part of probably the Turners Falls bridge, lie near the big tree. The great power of running water is exhibited by the manner in which the iron rods are twisted and the timbers split and torn. Then to the south of where the writer stood is the evidence of the river's great destruction to soil.

Value of Rip-rapping Seen

If anyone has many questions in his mind about the value of rip-rapping the banks of the river, he should see how the riprapped banks at the upper end of West street served as a dam to prevent the river from cutting a channel through the town. The only places where the riprap failed to keep its original height was where the water pouring over the top of the bank dug holes so deep back of the riprap that the rocks at the top of the bank fell into the deep cuts. The value of turfed land is also evident. There are a number of places in the great meadows where turfed land is about the same as it was before the flood, but the unprotected soft soil on each side of the turfed piece has been carried away, in some places to a depth of three feet or more.

It is a discouraging outlook for many of the farmers and especially those whose land has been destroyed or at least unsuitable for money crops for a number of years at least. There have been rumors of many farmers leaving. The farmers are not to leave They are busy trying to save what they can from the disaster and digging out the mud. They have faith that the government will see them through. A few whose homes have been so badly damaged that the houses will have to be torn down, are looking for other houses in which to live and have no idea of leaving the town if homes can be found for them.

‑A SCOUTS ISSUE MAP OF FLOODED AREAS HERE

Peak of High Water from Conn. and Mill Rivers Shown in Color

A map of the flooded area of Northampton and Hadley, showing the peak of the high water from the Connecticut and Mill rivers, has been issued by the Sea Scouts of Ship 113, this city. The flooded area is indicated by red, showing how far the water extended on both sides of the rivers, and including Easthampton territory in the Ox Bow section. It was issued as a personal record in the Sea Scout ship's log, but due to public interest in it, copies have been made available for purchase.

The map includes a picture of the official state record at the Clifton Johnson house in Hockanum, Hadley, showing the water up 10 feet and two inches above normal in 1927 and 16 feet and 11 inches above normal in 1936, an increase of almost seven feet.

At Wright avenue bridge, in Northampton, the water was four feet over the bridge floor. In 1927, other observers noted, the water barely came to the bridge floor on the Pleasant street side. The flooded area is shown in Hadley as beyond Hopkins academy and close to the town hall.

departments of the colleges to | and a willingness to be of service | had returned and told of the

SAYS THERE WILL ALWAYS BE FLOODS

Engineering Magazine Points to Risk of Builaing in Areas Likely to Be Inundated

Any future building in flood areas should be with full knowledge of the risk involved, says the Engineering News-Record, in an article headed, "There Always Will Be Floods." It contends that no new buildings should be built in areas set aside as necessary to carry flood flows past a city, and those in the flood channels should be moved out as rapidly as is economically possible. The article says, in part:

"We do not mean to say that both proper cutivation of the land and the construction of flood detention reservoirs will not help to reduce the magnitude of future floods. They will, and detention reservoirs most strongly so. But they will only reduce, not eliminate. . . . As a practical matter, flood elimination cannot be done on large rivers in settled country.

"For one thing, the necessary flood detention reservoirs, if sites can be found, would have to be built in occupied Valley, where they would drown out some communities in an effort to provide complete protection for those below. For another thing, most rivers afford no dam sites in their lower reaches, where storage or detention is most vital. In other valleys the cost of suitable reservoirs would be prohibitive.

"On most rivers the only feasible reservoirs are those on the headwaters. They will take care only of flood waters coming from the regions above. But if the main river valley is wide, with many small tributaries and few possible reservoir sites in the lower reaches, which is generally the case, a widespread rainstorm coming upon deep snow lying upon frozen ground will result in a concentrated runoff from all the small streams in the main valley, that will cause high water even though the reservoirs are fully effective.

"Take the Missouri, for example. The federal government is engaged in building a great storage reservoir at Fort Peck, Mont., at a cost of $84,000,000. Its purpose is flood control, as well as navigation improvement. Were it intended for flood control alone, it would cost about $29,000,000, and the army engineers have estimated that it would lower flood crests near Kansas City only about one foot in a major flood, like that of 1908. Why? Because the runoff that causes such floods comes from the lower valley. Construction of three other feasible reservoirs in the lower part of the valley would make possible a further lowering of the flood crest, but even so would not eliminate floods entirely. And, incidentally, had the four reservoirs been in service during the 1927 flood on the Mississippi river they would have reduced its flood crest in Cairo, Ill., less than one foot—and they would have cost no less than $125,000,000!

"In planning protection against future floods these limitations need to be recognized if mistakes are to be avoided. True it is that headwater reservoirs should be built wherever possible, because they not only will reduce the flood crest, but also will add to the low flow in summer, which is desirable for many reasons.

"But headwater reservoirs solve only part of the problem; the other and equally important factor is for each community on rivers subject to flooding to define the areas that will be subject to overflow until detention reservoirs are built and then take steps to move essential community services out of these areas or protect those that cannot be moved.

"No new buildings should be built in areas set aside as necessary to carry flood flows past a city, and those now in the flood channels should be moved out as rapidly as economically possible. If any areas subject to overflow are not needed as flood channels, they should be protected against submergence by dikes or by raising the level of the land. The restrictions affecting these areas should be clearly set forth in zoning laws, to prevent unwitting encroachment upon flood channels or innocent costruction on land subject to frequent overflow. If economic considerations make a location in a flood area desirable for an industrial plant, the site must be chosen in full knowledge of the risk involved, but in no instance should such structures as oil tanks be built in areas where they may become a source of potential danger in a flood."

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hoto by W.E. CORBIN

HADLEY AFTER THE FLOOD—MARCH 1936
Pictures through the Courtesy of the U. S. Army Engineers

The peaceful River meadows released from flood.

E.
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into the sea at Saybrook the Connecticut River flows.

Book II.

Hurricane and Flood

1938.

"Our River" Sandra Pierce, Ace, Sally Sessions

SPECIAL HURRICANE AND FLOOD ISSUE -

1938

Three floods within the space of eleven years and a hurricane in addition-- this is indeed a heavy toll for any town to bear. Hopkins Academy, in the center of the town, has been surrounded by water in each flood; and Hopkins students, scattered throughout the town have had a variety of experiences. Accounts of some of these experiences written by the English classes have been collected in this little volume.

Now that the river dike is to be reinforced, we trust that Hadley will never again be devastated by a flood. We also trust that New England will be spared the ravages of a tropical hurricane in the future. We hope, therefore, that these selections from English themes will serve as a record of events which will never be repeated in Hadley history.

Little did I realize while I was comfortably eating a hot dinner Wednesday noon that I was destined in a few hours to spend the most terrifying night of my life. The reason for my having dinner at home was that school had been dismissed at 10:30, because of the danger of high water.

After dinner I went to the garage and started to put the bearings back into the engine of my car. While working under the car, I noticed that the rain was beating down, and came to the conclusion with Clarence, my helper, that if the rain did not cease, a flood was inevitable. My father, who had just come back from Springfield, looking in to see how we were progressing, remarked that the air felt exactly like a prelude to a southern hurricane.

A little later my father yelled to us from the house. He had heard on the radio that the high wind and tidal wave had hit Newport,R.I. "Load up with spikes and hammers," he called. "We've got to keep those shed doors closed, or this wind will wreck the tobacco. A gale of about forty miles per hour was already whistling around us. It was not dark, but cutting rain slashed at us, making vision difficult.

Clarence and I went to the middle shed, followed by my father. The wind was now blowing at its maximum. On our walk across lots we ran into the wind, and many times had to crouch to avoid being blown over. We were thankful to reach shelter on the north side of the shed. After a brief rest, we poked our heads around the corner just in time to see the doors being blown in. As we left our sheltered corner, all three of us were blown down along a plowed field. I dug my heels into the mud to stay on terra firma as Clarence, who was on his feet, came by like a V 8. A minute later I looked down the field and saw Dad crouching down in a ditch, while Clarence had just landed in the brook, up to his hips in mud. We finally succeeded in making our way to the next barn where we continued the routine of nailing doors, climbing up into the peak of the barn, and holding the doors until we could fasten them.

After being deceived by many false glimpses of clearing skies, we felt assured about midnight that the wind was actually subsiding, and started for home. On the way we made a partial inventory of damages. These included: chimneys off our house, our chicken coop blown away, a large wagon shed wrecked, a corn-crib tipped over, windows broken and trees all over our yard--two narrowly escaping our house. Looking up the fields we saw corn torn from the stalk, one of our tobacco sheds flat and four others badly tipped.

Candlelight greeted us on our return to the house. While changing my clothes I came to the conclusion that the only thing that had held me on the ground during the wind was the ten pounds of nails in my pockets. Dry clothes and an appetizing midnight supper made us forget how weary we were. And as we discussed the events of the day, we decided that we were lucky to have come through them all alive and uninjured.

Walter McNiff '39

In this section of the Connecticut Valley, floods have frequently brought disaster, expecially within the past ten years, but a hurricane has not visited this part of the country for over a hundred years until this fall. Hereafter, when it is announced that a hurricane has reached Florida or some other Southern state, I believe there will be fear and dread here as people recall the hurricane that struck Hadley in 1938.

About 3:45 P.M., September 21, 1938, a hurricane, traveling at a rate of 90 to 120 miles per hour hit New England. Hundreds of large, beautiful trees, which had long been Hadley's pride were uprooted. Several houses were badly damaged and many roofs crushed by falling trees. Barns amounting to one hundred ninety were blown down, most of them being completely ruined by the terrific gale. The majority of these barns were filled with corn, hay, livestock, and farm machinery and implements.

The flood that immediately followed the hurricane caused great damage to the farmers' crops. The onion and corn crops that were still in the field, were washed away by the high waters. The potato crops, already poor, were completely ruined. Farmers that raised carrots, turnips, squash, and all other products suffered greatly.

The following summary of the estimated damages in Hadley due to the hurricane and flood is based on a survey of the town made directly after the disaster:

Barns and sheds	$433,750.00
Crops	300,000.00
Trees (public and private shade)	95,000.00
Trees (fruit)	27,000.00
Land Damage	50,000.00
Forests	50,000.00
Tools	26,000.00
Animals	1,100.00
Highways and bridges	16,000.00
Dike	75,000.00

The people of Hadley were without communication either by telephone or mail for several days, while electricty was not restored for a number of weeks.

In spite of all these disastrous happenings, however, Hadley people were thankful that no lives were lost, and the citizens immediately set to work to restore Hadley to its former attractiveness.

Frances Jakóbek '39

I was about ready to start for school Wednesday morning when I noticed that the river had risen rapidly during the night, and had begun to overflow its banks. Realizing that our onions, which were on a piece of land near the river, would soon be in danger of being flooded, I changed my mind about going to school. Instead, I changed my clothes, and went with my brother in a truck to rescue the onions. We drove the truck near a pile of onions and loaded up; but when we tried to drive the truck out, we found that we were stuck. We unloaded the onions, but still we couldn't move the truck. Finally we had to get a farmer with a team of horses to pull the truck out to the road. All the onions had to be carried out, bag by bag, to the road and loaded on the truck. All the while it kept raining, and the ground was becoming more and more muddy. The water had but two feet to go before it reached the onions.

After working for four hours, drenched to the skin, we succeeded in taking all the onions to higher ground. When we were getting the last load, the water had risen to the onions, and was coming over the bridge that we had to cross. In another half hour the bridge was impassable.

Max Moczulewski '39

As my brother and I rounded the corner of the State College campus, heading homeward, I noticed that a strong gale was blowing. Leaves began to fall rapidly, and branches swayed back and forth under the strain of the wind. As the gale grew stronger, it became more difficult for me to steer the car. After putting the car in the garage, we noticed that the haybarn doors were swinging and banging in the wind. We managed to close them with great difficulty. It took a lot of tugging and pushing to close the garage doors, and it was difficult to keep ourselves from being blown around. We were struggling with the wind when a terrific clatter made us turn to see that the slate on the house roof had begun to fly. As we dashed toward the house, we were met by a shower of this flying slate. Fortunately we weren't hit, but the thought of it still makes me shudder.

In the next few minutes I saw the apple tree near the house come down with a crash, and the cherry tree crumple under the strain of the wind. The next minute the neighboring tobacco sheds flattened out, leaving the fields bare except for the piles of wreckage.

Joseph Czajkowski '39

The day that the hurricane hit Hadley and surrounding New England I had stayed home from school because of a cold. Staying in bed for a day makes a person feel restless and notice any little change of weather or change of sound in the house. The first noticeable change in the weather took place about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, when the wind increased to a steady gale, and the rain to a persistent downpour.

The first time we noticed that damage was being done, was when two panes of glass from the skylight on the tobacco shop crashed against the side of the house. Then my room shook so that I had to come down stairs on the divan. For the next hour we watched the tobacco sheds, one by one, either fold up or else go all to pieces and blow away. I can truthfully say that from six to eight sheds went down before my eyes. We turned all our stock loose in the pasture, fearing that our cow barn and house barn might be among the missing when we counted up the total damage.

Virginia Collins '42

In the far-away hills of Hartsbrook, only the winds plagued us; and plague us they did. During the height of the storm tobacco sheds were being felled on all sides, roofs and roofing were flung far into the air, and countless numbers of trees in forest and on farmlands were being cut to the ground as if by a monstrous scythe. It was an awe-inspiring experience to witness the falling of the high tension towers. These great "iron men", with their outstretched arms supporting miles of heavy cable, stood boldly in the open, to face the oncoming demon. Apparently rooted to the ground, they bravely withstood the first shocks of the storm. Then being gradually weakened by the continuing winds, they came crashing to the ground. A few stood, as if trying to support their fallen brothers. These few remaining towers still stand as lone sentinels guarding the storm-swept fields.

Philip Handrich '39

It was Wednesday, 4:15. I stood motionless upon the cement walk by the garage, and watched the clouds race across the sky. They banked in the west and formed in huge masses. The wind kept increasing and as I stood there, I was unaware of the danger which was approaching. My steady gaze at the angry clouds was undisturbed until a furious rush of wind caught me in the face and nearly knocked me over. I was so amazed that I didn't know what was happening.

Linwood Hibbard '40

The flood of "36" left in its wake a trail of destruction, disease, and even death. It just can't happen again, was the thought of many, at least not for a long time. It's too horrible. It means the death of plans, hopes, happiness, and ambitions.

It can't happen again--and yet the cry was drowned by the roar of the hurricane which swept this valley with unbelievable force and intensity. Large buildings, which had survived the weather conditions for many decades, folded and toppled over like toy structures struck down by a childish hand. Roofs were ripped off to expose rafters which resembled gaunt skeletons; doors were torn from their hinges and dashed to pieces against the ground. Trees, many of them the pride of our town, were mowed down as if they were blades of grass. To add to the catastrophe caused by the wind, the river, which had been rising as a result of the great amount of rain, overflowed its banks, and in many ways repeated the destruction of "36". Crops were destroyed, and more buildings ruined. In some places bridges were swept away by the rising waters. Lack of telephone and electric service added to the confusion.

We may read or hear of such happenings in other regions, but not until we ourselves encounter the ravages of flood and wind do we fully realize what it means to be the victims of a power over which we have no control.

Peter Bemben '39

The hurricane knocked down from the Ryan barn the weathervane which, since the barn was built in 1812, had done its duty in telling the way of the winds to the anxious neighbors.

The morning after the hurricane as I was wending my way around the barn, I chanced to see the weathervane leaning against the north side of the barn. Someone had evidently rescued it from the raspberries where the hurricane had hurled it. When neighbors expressed their sorrow at its loss, we were glad to be able to assure them that the weathervane would soon be in its accustomed place again.

The weathervane was originally covered with gold leaf, but later with aluminum paint. Since the hurricane, it has been given a shining new coat of aluminum. Its back was split open by the fall, but Mr. Klimoski has done a nice piece of soldering to give it the proper balance.

As soon as the carpenters get time to make a new pedestal, the old ox will go back to his place on the cupola to again show the countryside the way the winds do blow.

Margaret Buckowski '42

About two o'clock Thursday the officials of Hadley asked for volunteers to help fill sand bags to reinforce the dike, as the water was beginning to crack the dike in places. I was one of many boys who were eager to render help. We each grabbed a shovel or some other tool that was handy, and boarded a truck which took us to the sand bank. There we started to fill up sand bags and load them on the truck.

When we had a load, about half of the group went with the truck to the dike to reinforce the weak spots. I was one of the group to go. We were unloading the sand bags on our second trip when all of a sudden, about fifty feet from where we stood, the dike broke. One of the men shouted to us to run. One man yelled to the driver to take the truck to safety, another man called to him to leave the truck and run, but he had already decided to save the truck.

Meanwhile I was so stricken I didn't know what to do. But it was only for a moment. Then I started to run as I had never run before. I hadn't run very far before the truck caught up with me. When I got into the truck, where I had somebody to talk to, I began to calm down.

We drove to the center where most of the people were, and told them that the dike had broken. Everybody was frightened, and most of them ran out to the state road looking for a car or truck that would take them to Amherst.

Carmine Tomolillo '41

While buses were being driven back and forth, and National Guards were seeing to it that all people left West Street and other districts which would soon be flooded, my friend and I ran along the dike to look at the rising waters. Coming to a spot where a number of people had gathered, we wondered why they were all looking in the same direction. Joining the group, we saw, only a few rods from where they were standing, a large section of the dike starting to break.

At first, it began to give way slowly. Everything seemed quiet. Then all of a sudden, an explosive-like noise was heard! Sand and water shot high into the air; the river rushed inland! Everyone ran for safety.

We reached the waiting buses, exhausted, and rode away from the disaster.

Jennie Bliznak '42

About one o'clock Thursday morning my brother Johnny came upstairs and woke me up. He told me that the water was rising fast, and I must take the squash into the barn, take the chickens up to the hayloft, and take the cow, horse, and pigs up to Middle Street. Three hours later a rescue boat came for my mother and two sisters. I would have gone too, but there wasn't any more room in the boat. So I stayed home until five o'clock when the boat came back. I went to the Town Hall to try to sleep a couple of hours, but no such luck.

Thursday night there were cots to sleep on in the Town Hall, but I came in too late to get a good one, and so I had one that was half torn. It was all right until I sat up; then the rest of the cot ripped. After that I slept on the floor a few hours. The next day I was so tired that I thought that if I could only go home and sleep in my own bed, I wouldn't get up for a week.

Tony Punska '41

It was a fine sunny morning a few days after the flood that Joe and I decided to go for a bicycle ride to Northampton. The flood water had not completely receded, and most of the hole in the road were still filled with water.

When we reached a place where the road was covered with water, I said to Joe, "You go ahead, and I'll follow you." Joe went on the left side; but when he had gone a short distance, he struck a hole, and tipped over in about a foot of water.

Seeing Joe all wet, I called out, "Well, I'm not going to get soaked. I'm going on the right side, where it's nice and smooth, and there are no holes." I was riding along smoothly on the right side when suddenly the front end of my bicycle disappeared, and I found myself in water up to my shoulder.

Maxie Niedjela '40

Wednesday afternoon I was sitting near the Connecticut River, carving a small object with my knife. As I glanced at the river I noticed that it was rising all the time. I had seen trucks go back and forth with sand-bags to block the leaks in the dide. Suddenly, a truck came from West Street, its horn blowing and the men on it yelling madly. People rushed frantically out of houses and barns. The dike had broken!

I decided to take a walk to West Street before it became flooded. As I walked along, I could see the water in the lowest places rising steadily. I sat down to watch it creep up the road. Soon it would reach the spot where I was sitting! I was just thinking that the water must be over the road behind me(because it was higher than the lowlands in front of me)when I turned my head and discovered that I was surrounded by water. Not knowing how deep it was and thinking that I would have to swim it, I counted to three, and ran into the water. Luck was with me! It was only about six inches over my knees. When I reached the dike, I ran home as fast as I could.

Adolph Jakobek '42

On the afternoon of September 21, I was returning with my parents and brother from Bennington, Vermont, where we had attended a church wedding. We had not gone far when the wind started to blow, and the rain came down in such torrents that we could scarcely see even a few feet ahead. As we went up into the higher parts of the Molly Stark Trail, the winds were so fierce that it was almost impossible to keep the car in the road. So many trees were already down that we expected one to fall on top of us at any minute. In a short time we came to a place where a big tree was lying across the road. As we had no axes to cut our way through, we turned around, and headed back toward Bennington.

On the way we encountered a landslide where rocks, turf, and gravel had fallen in a great heap, and water was flowing over all. We hesitated about attempting to go through this mass of debris, for we were not sure whether there was a road underneath. After two attempts, however, we made our way through this obstruction. A little farther on were two places where the road was badly flooded. At the second place we were out in the middle of the water when three immense logs went tearing by in front of our car, just missing us. We held our breath in fear that the motor would stall. But we plowed through the water in safety, and then--our hearts went back where they belonged.

The next water that we encountered looked deeper and more dangerous than that which we had crossed before. We had stopped for a minute wondering what to do when we saw a car approaching. It had just crossed the large cement bridge a short distance in front of us when it was washed off the road, and a big log crashed through it. It was a good thing we hadn't tried to cross, for ten minutes later the bridge was gone.

Nina Bristol '40

The afternoon of the hurricane my sister and I were at home anxiously waiting for my mother, who was at Eastern States, to return. She arrived just as two windows of our house had been blown in by the wind. While we were looking at the shattered windows, all the trees in our yard went down, and a neighbor's long shed.

About six o'clock my father walked slowly into the yard, being blown about by the wind. My uncle, noticing that my father could hardly walk went out and helped him into the house. My father told us that he had carried poles to brace the sheds for half an hour, but his efforts didn't do any good. He saw the shed swaying, and moved away just as it fell, not more than a foot and a half away from him. He started toward the other shed, but that one also fell. In this shed were the cows which we keep down on the farm so that they can graze in the fields. He crawled into the shed, cut the cows loose, and then started to walk home. The wind blew so hard that he had to crawl part of the time on his hands and knees. Before he reached the house, our third and last shed had fallen.

Pearl Thomas '39

I was down by the Old Mill looking at the washout in the old road when I happened to look up at the Notch, and saw rain clouds coming up very fast. I hopped on my bike and rode home as fast as I could. After I had put my bike in the garage and bolted the door, I sat on the front porch watching the rain and wind until my brother came home. I was glad he came when he did because the hurricane had blown the barn doors open, and we had to go out and nail them. While we were nailing the doors, we had to catch the tins from the barn, that were blowing around us right and left. We suddenly thought it was too dangerous to be dodging pieces of tin ten feet long and thirty inches wide; so we ran to the house and looked out of the window, watching the tins come slam, bang, against the house.

While we were watching, I saw the ground lifting up by the elm tree. In a few minutes I heard a crash, and there went the good old elm. I went to another window to see if my spruce tree was down. Fortunately it was not down yet. I looked toward the fields where tobacco sheds were going down, folding up like books. When I turned again to look at my spruce tree, I saw the land being ripped up. Then there was another crash, as the spruce tree hung itself on the electric wires. Soon the wind turned and came from the south, and we saw the sky popping out. We knew then that the rain was over, but the wind kept blowing as hard as ever.

Leo Slanda '41

In spite of all the excitement and trouble caused by the recent hurricane, one can find some experiences that are really funny.

Three local boys, in the midst of the storm, saw one of their tobacco sheds swaying in a dizzy manner. They propped many sticks against the shed; but in spite of everything they could do, it kept slipping off its stone foundation. Not realizing that they were endangering their lives by remaining near the swaying building, they went about gathering blocks of wood and slabs of stones from a near-by barn and placed them in the path of the moving shed so that it might rest on them as it slipped off the original foundation.

The shed stands today, no worse from the effects of the storm, after moving nearly two feet onto its new foundation.

Dorothy Russell '40

Wednesday, the twenty-first of September, is a day that will be long remembered. At four o'clock I noticed that the wind was blowing harder than usual. On the radio I heard exciting flood bulletins. Suddenly the radio was silent, and the lights went out.

The wind continued to increase by the minute. My brother had just brought the cows out of the pasture when a tree fell. We were all in the house watching the storm, noticing trees falling every few minutes, and others bending to the ground. We knew that the ground was thoroughly wet from so much rain; and since the wind was stronger than usual, we thought that was the reason that so many trees were falling.

We were not alarmed until we felt the house shake and saw windows breaking. Our house is built high, and so we mind even an ordinary wind. For a while we stayed in the kitchen, since it seemed the safest place. But when the wind blew so hard that we couldn't keep the kitchen doors closed, we went to the cellar. As the cellar had a foot of water in it, we had to stand on the woodpile.

The hours seemed to drag by while we waited. We hoped that when the sun went down, the wind would stop. We were thankful when the wind finally did stop so that we could come up out of the cellar.

Bernice Kellogg '42

When the hurricane struck, we were at the Eastern States Exposition. As we left the fair grounds, we finally found a road fairly clear and started along. When we got to the Riverdale Road, there were so many trees down that we couldn't go through. Taking many side-roads, we got lost and Dad had to make inquiries as to where we were. The storm was getting so severe, a man invited us into his home and the ladies gave us a nice lunch which made us feel very refreshed. After the storm had passed we borrowed an axe and set out for home.

Soon we came to a tangled mass of wires, trees, and poles. Cars were lined up and everybody was helping to make a way through. From there on, we had easier going as we could go around the trees by going through yards, across lawns, and into fields. Then we reached the center of South Hadley where real trouble began again. However, Boy Scouts were helping the motorists to find their way through the tangled debris of the storm.

After going through the Skinner Estate, we thought we would have clear going, but we were mistaken. In one place, our way was blocked completely by a truck stuck in the mud. In the darkness we had to move most cautiously, straining our eyes for fallen trees and wires. In the Lake Aldrich section, we passed a spooky group of buildings and a dam over which torrents of water were flowing. We came upon an impassable tree and had to retrace our route. Yet, by weaving our way along, we eventually arrived in Amherst.

A steady rain for four days, rivers rising, school dismissed at 10:45 Wednesday morning--but nobody realizing what was ahead of us.

Later in the day the rain let up, and blue sky appeared. This, I thought, was the end of the rain. In the afternoon I went out to the lot near the Callahan farm on New Boston Street, about half a mile from our house. I had hardly reached the lot when the sky began to darken, and the rain started again. Then I noticed that the wind was blowing unusually hard. So, putting my tools away as quickly as possible, I started for home.

I didn't get very far, for the wind was so strong that I had to lie down. As I looked around from the spot where I was lying, I saw trees swaying and bending as if they were about to touch the ground. When the wind slackened a bit, I jumped up and began to run. But again, the wind was too strong, and so again I lay flat on the ground to avoid being blown away.

Not far away I noticed that a barn was down. A tree had fallen on the corner of a house and other trees were lying across the road. Since the wind seemed to be letting up, I started out again. But this time too the wind was too strong for me, and I was forced to lie down on the ground again. I had to repeat this process several times before I came near home. Luckily for me there weren't any trees to hinder the last stage of my journey; there was only an open field to cross. That half mile was the longest half mile I ever walked, and it took me the longest time to cover it.

Alex Madenski '38

Crash! Bang! Crash! Bang! There goes the shutter. A piece of slate hit the side of the house. There goes another shutter. Was this really a hurricane? Could New England possibly have a tropical hurricane? Whatever it was, it was certainly something out of the ordinary.

Look, there goes a branch! No, the whole tree is down! Are my eyes deceiving me? Is that shed really down? It's impossible. See that roof paper tearing off. And the big barn door is broken. Did you see that cherry tree come down? I missed that.

Come here, everyone. See how the roots of the big elm have forced the ground upward. With every strong gust of wind the tree bends more and more. Must that huge tree really go over? A tree that has resisted the storms for one hundred and fifty years, or more. It took more than an hour for the wind to uproot that large tree. How long will this last? It has done such dreadful damage already. The wind seems to be dying down, but we can't venture out, for it's growing dark. We won't have any lights tonight. What a long night this will be. It seems as if we can hardly wait for sunrise to see what the rest of the town looks like.

Amelia Tolper '39

The day of the storm I was on the road with my brother who was peddling his wares. We were in North Amherst on our way to Leverett when the storm broke. We came to a place where the water was flowing across the road very swiftly. We were approximately half way across the road when our motor began to sputter. Then with a lurch it stalled. My brother tried the starter again and again, but with no success. Finally he told me to climb out of the window and wipe off the spark plugs. After this was done we managed to get through.

We were going through some woods on our way to Sunderland when the wind was at its height. Trees were being uprooted and snapped off all around us, some of them missing us only by yards.

By some miracle we made our way to a customer's yard. We were about to get out when I happened to look behind. To my amazement, I saw a tree directly behind us slowly going over in our direction. My brother backed out just in time to escape the tree, which came down right where we had been a second before.

By going over lawns, plowed lots, grass land, over and under wires, amd under branches, many of which I had to lift up or push aside, we finally made our way home safely.

John Szarkowski '39

I was sitting alone upstairs sewing when the wind began to blow. Not thinking that any thing serious was happening, I just kept on doing my task. It wasn't until someone called for me to come down stairs that I realized the wind was blowing so hard that I thought the whole house was shaking.

From one window to the other everyone rushed, pulling the curtains aside to look at the terrible destruction that was going on. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the big trees being uprooted by the terrible wind. After a long while, when the powerful wind had died down, everyone rushed for coats in order to go outside to see what damage had been done.

Yes, I've seen what everyone else must have seen. All along the roads huge trees were down flat, chimneys of houses were knocked down, chicken houses turned over, large tobacco sheds were wrecked, and the roofs of many barns and houses had been ripped apart. Although everything was so awful, I am glad that I have been through a hurricane.

Josephine Pekala '39

Early in the afternoon of September 21, my sister and I rode down to the Old Mill Pond on our bicycles to see how the water was rising. We watched men piling sand bags along the old road so that the rushing water would not undermine the newly constructed highway. We stayed there until about three o'clock when it began to rain.

Soon after we reached home, we were sent out to take in the washing that happened to be out. Just as I had cleared the first lines, a branch of a young maple tree broke off and fell right where we had been standing. We had just succeeded in getting back safely to the house when the wind commenced to blow harder.

As our back porch is closed in, with the door facing the south, the porch formed a pocket for the wind which kept forcing our back kitchen door open. It was up to Bertille and me to try to keep the door closed. Most of the time it took both of us to hold the door, as the wind was blowing terribly hard. But when Mother reported another barn or tree down, we'd take turns going to see the damage. We had to hold the door until the storm was over, for we could find nothing heavy enough to keep it closed.

When the wind finally died down, about seven o'clock, we stopped worrying. The wind had done no more damage to us than to turn our hen-house over twice, knock down two apple trees and a grape arbor, blow off a garage door, and tip the chimney. We were safe at last!

Claire Horton '39

When the wind of the hurricane was roaring at its highest, the branches of the large elm on our street were breaking off with such force that the wind would carry them across the roof of a large barn about three hundred feet away. The top of our large spruce tree bent down making half of a semi-circle, without the tree's falling over.

The large elm started to topple but it stopped half-way from the ground because the strong roots held it up. My neighbor passed under it safely with his car. As I turned my head to see a barn collapse, down came the big elm with a roar, shutting off the electricity from our street. Then over went the spruce tree onto the wires where it leaned until we later cut it free.

Thus, as we watched, two of our friends went down.

Myron Muzyka '42

About three o'clock dark clouds appeared in the southeast. At once rain came down in torrents, continuing until about half past four. After the rain had slackened a bit, the wind grew stronger until, within an hour, it had reached the force of a hurricane.

Limbs were breaking off, and the trees around the house were bending far over. Sheets of tin roofing from the tobacco shed were flying dangerously close to the house. One large piece of tin landed on the woodshed, taking with it two or three square feet of shingles. It bounced from the roof, and hit the corner of the house, tearing off the drain pipe.

Then tobacco sheds began to fall; first one, then two at once--all belonging to the same farmer. Another neighbor lost two; then two more. A third neighbor lost all he had. In every direction, sheds and small buildings were falling. Large trees that had seemed invincible to any wind, were blown down, carrying electric and telephone wires with them. Every home was left without electricity. Everywhere the hurricane left destruction in its wake.

Stanley Gizienski '39

Bill and I were out in the flooded meadow in a boat picking up squashes when the storm broke. The first gust of wind blew my twenty-five cent hat away, and nearly tossed us into the river. We had no sooner got into shore with our load than the real wind came. We fought the gale while we ran to shut a door in the tobacco shed, that had been blown open. After shutting the door, Bill got up on a ladder to nail the door while I held the ladder. Bill, who was from New York City, thought this was great fun. But I knew this wind was unusually strong, and I kept telling him to get down before the shed went over. As I watched, the side of the shed seemed to give in. I yelled to Bill, and he got out of the way just as the shed went down. He was about fifteen feet above the ground when the shed fell. I thought he was a sure gonner; so I was considerably surprised and greatly relieved when he crawled out in the open, unhurt. He wasn't laughing now, and he looked plenty scared. He explained to me that by holding on to the door and falling with the shed slowly, he had escaped being hurt. The ladder was buried under some six-by-six beams.

About ten minutes before the shed fell, another boy had been in it, also fastening doors. Being short of nails, he had run into the toolshop for more. When he came back, there was no shed.

Roman Konieczny '39

The horrible howling wind of the day before had ceased and all the world seemed peaceful when I arose on Thursday morning. Just how terrible had that devastating hurricane been? Had the river overflowed its banks? Such were the questions that filled my mind as I went about my morning duties?

Did I hear someone speak of going to Northampton? I couldn't be left behind. In a jiffy I was ready to go. I hurried with my brother and sister into the car, and we rode as far as the center of the town. Here we were stopped by officers who informed us that we could not go any farther because of the danger of rising water. The trees also, added greatly to the difficulty of travel. As far as sightseeing went, we had seen enough already--huge elms lying across the highways, on the lawns, and on some houses; roofs damaged by the wind and fallen branches; and tobacco sheds either leaning or fallen in ruins. We were still determined to reach Northampton, but we realized that the only way to accomplish our purpose was to turn around and go by the way of Amherst and Sunderland.

In spite of fallen trees and other obstructions, we finally reached Sunderland. When we asked several passers-by if it was possible to reach Northampton, a rather interesting man told us that a man had just come through from Greenfield, but he doubted whether anyone else could find the way. My brother said he was willing to take the chance; so we drove across hayfields, over bumpy dirt roads, through mud puddles and holes. Next we followed a cowpath until we could reach the main highway. Up ahead there were more trees. To avoid them we had to drive through cornfields, across narrow bridges and flooded brooks. After four hours of treacherous riding, which included numerous detours, we reached Northampton. Our task accomplished, we felt like heroes, for we had found the route that the Greenfield man had used.

Helen Fill '39

During the hurricane I was at my cousin's house on the Old Bay Road. We were looking at the three large elms across the street. These three large elms were very close together, one of which was said to be the tallest elm in the town. Of course it had to be this large tree that started to sway back and forth. It seemed each time that it swayed as if it would crash the house. Ten minutes passed, in which the people moved things out of the front part of the house. It seemed as if the tree waited until the room was cleared. Then it came down with a crash that on a calm day could have been heard all over Hadley. But instead of its crashing upon the house, the suction of the air pulled the tree in between the neighbor's house and my cousin's. After this tree fell, other trees came down in all directions almost completely blocking the roads.

Russell Randall '41

At five o'clock the day after the hurricane, the whistle blew, and the police told us that we would have to get out of the stock barns on the Eastern States Exposition grounds. We immediately jumped up and dressed. Then we started putting blankets on the animals, preparatory to leading them out. As quickly as we could, we led the cattle to higher ground and tied them to the fence. There were only two of us boys to lead the entire herd of fifteen head to safety, and it seemed as if the water would be upon us before the task was finished.

After we had the cattle all outside the gate, we were told that we would have to take them across the Agawam bridge to the Agawam High School grounds. On the first trip across the bridge I roped four cows together while my companion took four heifers. The tramping of so many animals made the bridge tremble, and it made us feel as if it wouldn't be long before the bridge would collapse. We were greatly relieved when, by ten o'clock, we had the cattle all safe on the high school grounds.

James Kentfield '41

While we were unhitching the animals in the exposition tent, there was a great rip and crack, and up came the tent. As we were on the east side, the canvas and poles went over our heads; they landed on the cattle on the other side. After getting the animals out of the tangle of canvas, we started for the brick barns, soaked to the skin. When we reached the railroad tracks, the cattle refused to cross them, and so we had to go back around the entanglement to the barns. All this time canvas, poles, and boards were flying in the air. We saw the huge grandstand roof rise up in the air like a giant plane and sail away in the wind. The rodeo tents were blown off and landed a quarter of a mile away. The steers were in outdoor pens anyway so that only the riding horses were homeless. These were ridden by their owners the rest of the day and were tied to the rail of the coliseum at night.

Edwin LaSalle '41

On Friday morning the sun, whose warmth and brightness we had missed for many days, came out to cheer and comfort us. Just as we were beginning to feel a bit secure, we were startled by the shriek of a siren and the clang of a fire truck. We looked for the fire, but seeing none, we soon realized that the fire truck had come to pump water for the animals. Even before the hose had been connected, many boys were on hand to water the rescued animals. A short time afterward loads of straw, hay, and grain were being carted by trucks to the school field for the cattle.

We boys had been so busy taking care of the cattle that we had scarcely had time to think of ourselves, but it was welcome news to us when we learned that the Agawam teachers had a breakfast of sandwiches, hot cocoa, and oranges all ready for us. You can imagine how hungry we boys were after the hustle and bustle, excitement and uncertainty that had prevailed since 5 A.M. What a feeling of reassurance food and warmth can give!

* * * * * * * * *

Of all the Hadley boys who were at Eastern States, Lewis Scott had the most exciting experience, when he was almost trampled under foot by a wild herd of rodeo steers. This is the story as Lewis told it to me: "At 5 A.M. after leading several cows to safety, I was returning toward the Agawam bridge when I heard through the dusk a thundering noise which set me all a-jitter. Before I knew it, the rodeo steers were on all sides of me. Flashing my spotlight on the leaders, I gave a wild cowboy yell. The cattle separated, leaving room for me to make a speedy getaway behind a fallen tree. After a few minutes, which seemed ages, the cattle went by. As I stepped out from behind the tree, a cowboy who was riding by, gave me a surprised look. He probably wondered why I, who was also wearing a cowboy uniform, should have been hiding behind a tree. After he went by, I walked on toward the bridge, thankful that my batteries were Ever Readies, and that I had learned cowboy yells in our Hillbilly Band."

Wallace Hibbard '39

In the pelting rain of Wednesday evening my father and I were taking our belongings out of the cellar because the flood waters were rising rapidly after four days of rain. The wind too was rising, but we thought nothing of it as we were busy with our work. Soon, however, we noticed that the wind was rising every minute; and the rain coming down in sheets made walking difficult. When we heard the wind whistling and roaring in the trees, and the branches falling and trees swaying to and fro dangerously, it occurred to us that this was no ordinary storm. As quickly as possible we locked all the doors in the barns and this was no easy task with the terrific high wind howling around us like a pack of demons. Our last task was to take a squealing, kicking pig to a higher level, where it would be safe from the rising waters.

The waves were so high that they washed two or three feet up the bank behind our house. It was terrifying to see white-capped waves rolling in just as if they were on the high seas. Out on the water I heard a tremendous splash and turned to see a big tree lying in the rolling white-caps. We scurried into the house, not knowing when a tree might fall upon us. Suddenly we heard a terrific crash, and turned to see my favorite ash fall to the ground, broken at the base.

From the house the havoc seemed even worse, as if the house itself would give way under such a strain. As I looked out of the front window, I could see trees falling over slowly, taking up great chunks of earth with them. I looked toward the neighbor's in time to see a tree topple onto the house, breaking the small porch. In another direction I saw a neighbor's roof borne off into the winds. As I was observing these disasters, I rather sensed than saw something falling. Looking up, I saw a huge tree falling upon the house in my direction. For the time being I couldn't move, but it didn't take me long to get out of danger. With a breaking of branches and a dull thud the tree crashed down. I found out later that the electric and telephone wires were all that kept the tree from smashing in the side of our house.

Joseph Gesiorek '41

At the beginning of the storm, our whole family watched breathlessly a large elm that was leaning dangerously toward the house next door. Suddenly, it began to fall. It looked as though someone was beneath it, slowly pushing it out of the ground. From our house, it seemed as if it would fall right onto the neighboring house; but, instead, it fell slowly and gracefully onto some small trees close by, leaving a large hole in the earth.

Barbara Hurd '42

As soon as the storm had abated, crews of men were out to clear the roads of uprooted trees and fallen branches. The firebell which rang out through that darkest of dark nights sent shivers up the spines of the anxious listeners. The men had to work by spotlights placed on trucks, and the night air rang with the sound of axes and saws.

The next day town officers were on duty to direct traffic and to make certain that no one except those living in the flooded region was allowed to drive further west than the town hall. Later, members of the national guard arrived and the town was placed under martial law. The cops were kept busy keeping sightseers from getting in the way, and seeing that people who lived in the flooded regions didn't try to go back to their homes in boats unless some capable person rowed the boat.

Ray Cook '39

Wednesday afternoon when the skies had cleared somewhat, I ventured to walk down to Honeypot to see how much land had been torn away or flooded by the high water. On my return I was caught by a deluge of rain. Thinking that this would last only a few minutes, I took shelter in a ramshackle tobacco shed. After waiting for about thirty minutes, I noticed that the rain had subsided a bit. It was still coming down hard and fast, however, and so I tossed up a coin to decide whether I should go or stay. I left, and it was well for me that I did, for before I reached home, the sharp wind that preceded the hurricane, was already ripping limbs off trees.

* * * * * * * * *

During the hurricane the river had risen rapidly. At about 7:00 P.M. the first water from the river entered the West Street common by way of a drain pipe. At 2:00 A.M. the common was flooded as far as my home. At 7:00 it had reached the state road. It kept rising all day. About midnight Thursday the water had stopped rising, and was beginning to recede slowly. The recession gained speed gradually and surely. By noon Friday it was possible to walk to most of the homes on West Street.

Wallace Dec '39

Another crash! I knew immediately that the tree in front of the house had fallen. I rushed outside, and saw the tree lying on the house. Before anyone could stop me, I ran upstairs, expecting to find the rooms in ruins, but I was happily surprised to see that only the plaster and wall-paper had been damaged in some places. Later I realized that the foundation of the house had sunk on one side, for some of the doors were hard to open and close.

Amelia Zawacki '39

Surly, black clouds soared across the heavens with astonishing speed. The wind banging doors and windows followed by the sound of shattering glass sent me hurrying upstairs to find two windows blown in. Pictures flew from the walls; clothing and other light articles twirled in a mad dance as the wind and rain rushed in.

Here and there a foamy wave lapped against a stray article blown in by the wind. The waves dashing against the bank threw the spray high into the air.

A startling moment occurred when a part of our neighbor's roof was ripped off. The wind sent it crashing against our house knocking in two window panes. The impact was so great that the house shook and left me in a sort of stupor. When I ventured to look out again, the hurricane was over.

On Thursday morning, after spending a sleepless night in a chair, I felt that daylight was never more welcome. The river now surrounded our house completely, making us feel like castaways on a small island. At nine o'clock we decided to leave home in our boat. As we were nearing the apple trees, a fish jumped completely into the air and landed in our boat. We were astonished, for fish simply don't go around jumping into boats. We were indeed surprised when we found ourselves the owners of a twelve-inch pickerel.

Jeanette Rytuba '39

The winds and rain had lessened when we heard the news that many sheds had been flattened in the vicinity of our lot. Was ours down, too? My sister and I had to know!

We ran and ran. We jumped over the fallen trees and dodged others as they came toppling down. We raced around the last curve in the road. There it lay, scattered over the land; here and there a part of the roof could be seen. I stood on a section of the torn and tumbled-down roof, horror-stricken, exhausted, and terrified. Two neighboring sheds collapsed. Somehow, I managed to hold back the tears as we turned homeward.

Drenched with rain, we entered the house and stood there stupified. It was hard to speak, but in some way we broke the news. Mother's face filled with sorrow, and Dad left the room in silence. Our tragedy was over-whelming.

Arela Woscyna '40

As soon as the wind had stopped blowing, we loaded the truck with tools for clearing the trees from the roads. A dreadful mess it was that we found, to say the least. Some trees had come up by the roots, while others were broken off anywhere from six to twelve feet above the ground. It was growing dark when we went out. And was it hard to see! In a few minutes one couldn't see his hand before his face.

There were about a dozen men working on the trees. The work started on the south end of West Street where the water had begun to back up. Some people asked, "Why clear up those trees?" A very good answer was given. The water would soon be up far enough so that the people would have to leave their homes, and the road must be made passable. Each tree that was in the way was cut just enough for the people to get through. Flares were used so that the workmen could see what they were doing. Axes sank into the green maples and elms again and again. Saws worked through the large limbs and trunks. Men pushed furiously to get the great trunks off the road.

"Getting tired?" asked a boss.

"Tired nothing," came the reply. "We'll work all night if you say so." So you see these "huskies" were interested in the welfare of other people.

The next day nearly one hundred men reported for work. The upper end of Middle Street had forty-two trees down, and by four o'clock these trees were cut enough for cars to pass through. The lower end of Middle Street was not so bad, but it was certainly bad enough. This section and New Boston Street were free for cars to go through by six o'clock.

On Friday the men went to North Hadley, Russellville, Plainville, and East Hadley to work. Some of the trees on the Huntington Farm on the North Hadley road were estimated to be from one hundred fifty to two hundred years old.

Leland R. Sanders '39

Friday night more than eighty women and children slept in the First Church Vestry. I happened to be one of the group. In the evening after we had gone to the Town Hall for blankets, we put up the cots in the Vestry. We had to place the cots very close together in order to get enough of them in the room. As soon as the cots were ready, each person claimed one. It seemed strange to be trying to sleep in a room with so many people. Some of the girls were so excited that they kept on talking until the women who were in charge told them to keep still and go to sleep.

The next morning some people woke up at four o'clock and began to talk. They were all anxious to know whether the water was going down or not. When Mrs. Reed came in and told them to go back to sleep, they quieted down for a while. At half past five we were told that we could get up.

After folding our blankets, we tried to take down our cots. As some of us hadn't used Army cots before, we had to learn how to take them down and fold them. We stacked the cots at the side of the room so that the tables could be brought out and set for breakfast. By six o'clock the women had breakfast all ready for the men who had to leave early to go to work clearing trees from the roads. After the men were through, the tables were set again for the women and children. One hundred and fifty-two had breakfast in the Vestry that morning.

Frances Hukowicz '42

Thursday 6:30 A.M.

Mom! I'm going up to the Church. They'll, no doubt, need help. Those people that had to evacuate last night must be hungry.

7:00 A.M.

Look at this place. Tables--yes, but no food! What time is it anyway? Seven o'clock! Those people must be starved. I'll run over to Charlie's.

7:10 A.M.

No bread? What'll we do? We have herds of people over at the church. Coffee and cereal will have to do. Let us know if you get any bread. Thanks!

7:30 A.M.

Don't push, please. We'll be ready in just a few moments. Won't you all sit down at the tables. The coffee is getting cold. I'm sorry, lady, we haven't any cocoa, will water do? We are expecting supplies in very soon, and when they come, we can give you more to eat.

Barbara Smith '39

The pond that Wednesday morning was a terrifying sight to those who lived in North Hadley. How different this raging demon seemed from the high but calm back-water of 1936. The spread-out waters, converging at the first bridge, sucked at the well-placed foundation stones and pressed through the narrow opening, a few inches below the planked floor. Such power! Such force! Could this bridge, watched so carefully in any flood season, withstand this raging torrent?

The old-timers didn't seem worried about this bridge by the store; they were concerned with that new, unsatisfactory structure on the main road. There was the real danger, they said. It was a lovely bit of cement, beautiful to behold; but death stood every day by the sharp, ungraded curve; and at flood time destruction lay at either end of the sharp cement wings, ready to dig into the sandy banks as the pond waters whirled back when they met the rising river tide. Yet, there was no need to consider that now, for the river wasn't high enough.

This swollen pond was more exciting as it rushed under the bridge to swamp some boats tied fast to a tree near the store. In welling fury it lashed them until those boats became worn and scarred veterans, fighting the waves and each other, one over-turned, and the others half-filled with water. The torrent moved on to tear at the bank with such energy that the store-owner, using a thousand bags of sand, built a dike extending deep into the whirlpool to protect the foundation of his building. On further it sped with its tons of pressure to test the dam for its strength. There it met its match, a cement and stone wall, constructed by the owner of the knife-shop across from the store, a man who could now be glad he had built strong and well, matching the ancient side-wall of the spillway of the extinct flour mill. Over the top of the dam it poured, to help increase the river.

Yet, in all this confusion, one could feel a certain quietude in the knowledge that we of North Hadley would not have to vacate our homes when the siren blew to warn the people in the lowland to move out, and that we would have no cause to make a hurried scramble for the hill in the early evening, as we did in 1936, when false reports sent men with their animals, women with their children, girls with warm blankets, and people in cars, to the safety of Saw Mill Hill, where they peered into the darkness until dawn, waiting for the expected rush of water released from the Vernon Dam to flood the town. The terror of that night had long since become a standard joke; and the paternal care of the local minister, who transported food provisions from the store at the bottom of the hill to the large house at the crest, had become a tradition. Yes, we were now schooled in the geography of our town, and in the habits of the river; and, although our pond with the raw earthy odor of flood could excite us, we sensed our comparative safety.

Ruth E. Scott

RUSSELLVILLE

It was 6:30 Thursday morning when Katherine, Lyn, and I had left the car at "Plum Trees" since we could drive no farther, and had started to walk home. In a few minutes we would really know the truth.

After several unsuccessful attempts to reach home on Wednesday evening, we had spent the night in Hadley. Mr. and Mrs. Reed had been so good to us last night, talking of college, of school, and of athletics, to keep our minds off those black clouds that had rolled up in the sky a few hours before, when the storm had been raging in Hadley, and we had looked at each other and said, "Those clouds are over Russellville. The storm is bad here, and out in Russellville, where buildings are farther apart and less protected______?"

There is a shed down with a car under it? Whose car is it? That makes three of that man's sheds that are down. When can this road be cleared of all these trees, pieces of roofs, shingles and nails? See how those trees are twisted and look at the roots on them. We're almost down to the Sunderland-Hadley line now. Katherine, your house is still standing. I never knew before that one could see it from the road before turning Callahan's corner. That must be because so many trees are down. And now the corner. When have I dreaded anything as I dread to look in the direction of our house, yet I can't do it quickly enough. Yes, there it is undamaged. Mr. Dwyer's sheds are down and ours too. Look at Mr. Conant's barn! Do you suppose the horses and cows were killed?

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Thirty seven tobacco sheds down within half a mile! One man had lost seven, another five, and another eleven. You say that some of the neighbors were here last night until after twelve o'clock, discussing the advisability of beginning to work the farms again in the spring? You say that some of them may leave? It wouldn't seem like Russellville without these neighbors, would it? And how could we leave? This is home.

Here comes one of our neighbors. He can't stand much talking to this morning without breaking down. One can tell that by looking at him. Yet, one can't meet a man with a loss as great as his, without giving a word of sympathy. What does one say to a man who has lost six tobacco sheds?

Marion Day

Summary of Hadley Floods

Since the time when the English settlers first came to this valley, there has never been a period in which the Connecticut River has broken its leash so frequently and so furiously as it has during the past eleven years. To be sure, the river has been constantly changing its course during the centuries, tearing down the bank on one side, while depositing sandbars and building beaches on the other side. Especially in the region below Indian hill the river has battered the bank with such destructive force that the old Hockanum road has had to be moved back many times, and Indian Hill itself has little by little succumbed to the attacks of the river to such an extent that the hill is now scarcely more than a memory. However, these changes have been gradual and somewhat localized, whereas the changes wrought by the floods of 1927, 1936, and 1938 have been widespread and violent.

1927

The mention of November, 1927 always brings to minds of residents of Western Massachusetts the torrential downpour of several days duration and its disastrous consequences. Hadley was first made aware of the seriousness of the situation by the unprecedented rise of Fort River and the Old Mill pond on Friday, November 4, when the overflow from the pond undermined the Old Mill Ice Cream plant, and tore out a section of the Old Bay Road just west of the bridge.

Meanwhile, the Connecticut, having spread through the Aqua Vitae meadows, was creeping up the lower end of West Street. During the night residents of lower West Street began moving their stock to higher ground, and before daybreak many families had left their homes to take shelter with friends. At 4 A.M. an alarm was rung to give warning that the river was overflowing the bank at the north end of West Street. From early morning until 8 P.M. gangs of men, totaling three hundred, worked feverishly building a sandbag dike along the riverbank at the north end of West Street, and another dike across the Cemetery Road.

By Saturday afternoon all the lower part of Hadley, from Hopkins Academy to the Northampton-Hadley Bridge, was a great lake. Boats and canoes were pressed into service to rescue persons who had remained in their homes until actually forced to leave. The majority of the residents of the flood area had left their homes earlier in the day. Some of the people took refuge with friends, while others were housed in the Town Hall and were served meals by the Woman's Club in the First Church Vestry.

The following comment appeared in the Hampshire Gazette of November 8, 1927, "As men worked, they were proud of their fellow townsmen and of town officials. The selectmen, police, and firemen who took charge of the work, knew what to do and how to do it, and were continually on the job." "Almost as soon as it was known that people would be driven from their homes, the Town Hall and First Church were opened for them,

and the Woman's Club of the First Church assisted by other women of the community, was hard at work making plans to feed the refugees." Much of the credit for the able manner in which the emergency work was conducted should be given to Mr. Seymour H. Parker, Chairman of the Selectmen, and to Mrs. Parker, who ably assisted him.

There was considerable loss of stored crops including onions, tobacco, and vegetables, as well as canned fruit in flooded cellars. In some houses the water rose over the first floor, causing damage to the building and furniture. After the crest of the flood was reached, Saturday evening, the water receded slowly, since the frozen ground had little power to absorb it. By the evening of November 8, all the families were back in their homes, after having experienced the most serious flood that had visited this region in sixty years.

1936

The spring of 1936 found an unusual accumulation of snow over northern New England. In the middle of March a sudden rise in temperature together with a continuous rainfall melted the snow and ice with record speed throughout New England. From Vermont and New Hampshire flood waters poured down to increase the volume of the already swollen streams of Massachusetts. The raging torrent carried quantities of debris and huge blocks of ice which dashed with destructive force against all the buildings and trees in their path. The result was a flood which far exceeded both in extent and destructive power the deluge of 1927.

It was fortunate indeed for the Hadley families who were forced to leave their homes, that a place of refuge was offered them in the neighboring town of Amherst. It was also a fortunate coincidence that most of the students were away for the spring vacation, and that on this account the two colleges were able to offer shelter in their gymnasiums to the Hadley refugees. Several hundred cots were placed in the athletic cages of the two colleges, and meals were served in the cafeterias. Mr. Reed and I made our headquarters in the State College cage, but we made frequent visits to the Amherst College cage to keep in touch with our fellow townsmen. As soon as conditions would permit, we came to Hadley once or twice daily in order to bring reports of conditions in their home town to the refugees who were stranded in Amherst. Permission to pass the officers who were stationed at frequent intervals along the Hadley-Amherst road was secured by presenting a slip of paper on which was written the magic name "Shimkus", the name of the officer in charge. This five-day sojourn, in Amherst, characterized by a spirit of cordiality and good-will, was an unforgettable experience to all who participated in it.

Upon returning to Hadley, the people were housed in the Town Hall and Russell School until they could return to their homes. Meals were served to them in the First Church dining rooms under the competent direction of Miss Elsie Leonard, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Towler, assisted by members of the

The aftermath of the flood includes the rocord of tremendous damage to land in the homelots below West Street and in Hockanum, and much property, and the stories of heroic rescues which have added other glorious pages to Hadley history. In this flood the foresight and tireless service of Captain Joe Reardon were of the greatest value to the town as was also the work of Mr. Edward Hannigan and other members of the police force who were on duty day and night.

1938

The story of the 1938 disasters has been related from different viewpoints in the preceding pages. Certain vivid impressions remain with each one of us. Some of my most vivid memories include: Thursday and Friday nights spent in the First Church kitchen, keeping coffee and sandwiches ready for the officers who came at various times during the night; rushing to the store for supplies, and fearing each time that the food would be exhausted before trucks could come through with more; carrying kettles full of potatoes to the neighbor's to be cooked because one coal range which was decidedly crippled without the assistance of its electric blower simply couldn't cook enough food for two hundred people. It would have been impossible to keep so many people comfortable and well-fed without the service of the efficient janitor Donald Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell, who superintended the cooking and dispensed good cheer to everyone, and Charles Murphy who kept the store open far into the night working by dim candlelight.

From Thursday morning until Monday night, these meals were served. On Thursday 671 individual meals were served; on Friday, 710; Saturday, 444; Sunday, 170; and on Monday, 90. In addition to the regular meals, lunches were sent out to officers and men engaged in special work; and coffee and sandwiches were served to officers and others on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

As in the two former floods, Hadley was fortunate in having officials who gave unstintingly of their time and service. Outstanding among them were Mr. Edmund Smith, Chairman of the Selectmen and Mr. Frank Pelissier, Town Clerk and Treasurer.

The American Red Cross has aided generously in all its disaster. The Red Cross paid for the Hadley meals served to the refugees in each of the three floods. It provided $1600 which was used during the summer of 1936 for bulldozing the land on which sand had been deposited by the March flood. It assisted many residents who had suffered damage to buildings and loss of furniture. Since the 1938 flood the Red Cross has been helping to rehabilitate the families who were in most desperate need.

The school teachers made a canvas of the town to determine the property losses. In 1936 Mr. Reed was appointed the Hadley Chairman of the Red Cross Emergency Committee. Since 1936, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mr. Ernest Russell, and Mr. Reed have represented this town on the Hampshire County Red Cross Rehabilitation Committee.

Our experience in each of the three floods was different. In 1927, Mr. Reed and I remained at home, using our canoe to transport us to day land, In 1936 we spent five days with our fellow townsmen in Amherst. In 1938 we spent much of our time with the same people in our own places of refuge in Hadley. In all we had an opportunity to become better acquainted with our neighbors throughout the flood area, to understand their problems, and to admire their spirit of patience in enduring losses, and their courage in facing the future.

Florence M. Reed

The English teachers gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Miss McQueston and the students of the business classes in typing and duplicating the material in this booklet.

Under the Tulip Tree

Looking South to Mt. Holyoke

Pine Grove before the blow

After the Wind blew

This Elm had to be taken down

C O P Y

Dear Byrne

As I start this letter to you I find that I am a little selfconscious. So many people read our other "Flood" account and there were so many errors in it that never were corrected that I feel I should do better grammatically speaking.

It is ever so much harder to write this letter too, because there is more physical and nervous reaction to this recent experience. We are numb. But with the beginnings of traffic going past the house the stream of normal living will catch us up again.

On Wednesday September 21st our main concern was the rising of the Connecticut River. When I took the children to school in Northampton the muddy boiling current was almost touching the bottom of a temporary bridge put up from pier to pier of the new Calvin Memorial Bridge. The workmen were working intensely to salvage material and equipment before too late. In the River a patch of grass gave standing room to some cattle put out on an Island. When I left the children I made arrangements in case I should not be able to gat back at noon. But at noon the Bridge was still open and when we went over the water did not seem to be much higher altho we saw no grass on the Island and no cows.

We spent the afternoon reassuring ourselves that the water was coming very slowly,,that the tributary streams and bridges were having the worst of all, but that the new dikes and dredging would take care of the Conn. In North Hadley there was excitement over a little bridge which they said was being washed out, as well as a store which was being undermined. The Town trucks hurried up and down with gravel. While John was at the scene he heard some one say that the hurricane was due at three o'clock. It was a chance remark made in jest and yet he thought enuf of it to repeat it to me and we both dismissed the idea, especially as we had had no such Storm Warnings from the Radio.

At five minutes after four o'clock John and Jane Ann started off to Hadley to get the afternoon paper, and to go over the hill to a neighbors for eggs. Sally and I played beanbag. As I played with her the rain and wind increased, and the electric light first dimmed then blinked and blinked and finally at five thirty-five went out. Immediately I thought of all our electric equipment, the milk cooler, the ice cream cabinet our own ice box and last of all our faithful little pump in the cellar which had been going steadily for two days waging a losing fight with the water rising in the cellar.

Supper would be a problem, I thought with nothing but the fire in the furnace for heat, but it is easy enuf to cook and egg in the furnace so I was not worried. Just then John and Ann drove in and hurried through the driving rain into the house. They were breathless, and they tried to describe the perils of their trip from Hadley but so much went on all around us that there were only snatches to explain Ann's uncontrollable crying. I tried to reassure her that we were all together, therefor safe, and I tried to keep their minds on what was

(Trees had crashed all around them during their trip)

Before and After

happening rather than on what might happen. (In fact I wanted to be out in the storm). Trees were falling so fast that one couldn't stand in one spot and know what wasgoing on. Even now, we can't tell exactly what the place will look like when it is cleared up. Many of the trees in the Lane by our house went. Shingles came flying from over the Barn at first a few then like a flock of birds splashing into the water in the field. At the Farm we could see a shaft of a maple like a stalk of celery with a tuft of leaves at the top. John saw the sycamore carry awaywith the top of the next in the row. We couldn't tell how many pines were gone but the tulip tree and the old elm by the Dairy stood. Both of these trees would have hit houses, but we had no such damage. Most of our huge trees fell across the road. It has taken a big gang of men and a tremendous tractor a full day to pull the trunks and dismembered limbs out of the way. The windows were open in the attic, and I kept some open in the house, as well as some doors so when the gusts were extra bad they blew through the house without hurt. In the big house Mr. Towler had a terrific time with shutters banging and glass crashing and whole sashes carrying right out of the frame of the house. The worst damage is where a wing and the house must have formed a funnel for the wind. He said he saw the roof and walls moving and felt the whole structure would collapse, but it didn't. He was cut by glass, our only injured person. The boys in the Barn tried to spike doors, but almost as soon as one seemed fast it would blow off or squgee. At last there was a break in the clouds, the wind had gone leaving us to the mercy ofcoming darkness and rising water. (all from 4 to 6 - the worst, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.)

While we sat in candle light trying to eat, John Duffy came in to get John to bring his gun and shoot a heifer who had been caught along with two others under a fallen tobacco shed. She had died by the time they got back to her, and in the rain and dark no one felt like pulling the barn apart to hunt for the other two. It was sure they could not have survived. John Duffy had started in to farm for himself this year and his entire crop was under two fallen tobacco sheds, but there were other farmers who had lost not only tobacco but the crops on the lowlands as the flood water engulfed them. Large trucks which went down on the meadows to salvage crops were hopelessly mired and they, as well as the produce, had to be adandoned.

We took the children to the Pierce's for the night so we were free to stand watch through the night together. We took what we could out of our cellar, and lifted up the pump, so that when electricity was restored it could be replaced. During the storm the draft had been pulled out of the chimney so fast that we had five pounds of steam pressure which I let up into our radiators. That was the dying breath of the furnace however because the rising water quietly choked off all draft and the fire died. Our nice little modern house was practically useless with no electricity so we planned to move over to John's mother's big house.

At the moment it harbored Lee Higgins, his wife and two children and Mrs. Scott. They had gone aff at four o'clock to see how the river and bridge were getting on, and as the storm enveloped them they had driven from Northampton to Amherst and around and around trying to find a way home. Each road was blocked by fallen trees until at last they

The Sycamores

Sandra and Charles Pierce

Looking North

The yard

This was a maple tree

managed to reach the Farm and comparative safety. It is a miracle that they were neither struck by falling teees or limbs nor blown off the road. They seemed remarkablg calm when I saw them at bedtime, and Lee started off on foot to care for his chickens, preparing to take the milk truck to 'Hamp' as soon as he could get back for fear, that by morning, the Bridge would be impassable.

While he was gone our men with the help of flashlights and headlights and the tractor started to get the truck down to Hadley. First there was a small elm, then a huge pine with four trunks, then two elms, then a part of an elm, these all had fallen from our property obliquely across the road. The truck had to be helped through the ditch across their top branches. Down at the corner of Huntington Rbad there was such a big ~~elm that~~ there was no chance of our going around its top, we found a way at the other end. From there we knew he could get to Hadley. In fact we met a couple of Hadley friends trying to get to No. Hadley on the other side of that elm. We told them how we had come, and how there was no passing beyond our farm except on foot because there were seven large trees across the road. In the sharp wind and spats of rain we put chains on the truck, and on the other car which had to go through a bad road in Hadley.

John had considerable concern about the river because with our egress to the North blocked we had to take great care that the fourty-four cows would not be trapped by the water which comes in between the barn and the hill. On the other hand we did not want to put them out in the cold and wet, in the dark, not knowing the condition on the hill. Fallen trees had of course taken fences down. There was also the worry that if we had them on the hill we had no boat with which to ferry around to care for them. We spent the night watching the progress of the backwater, as well as the advance of the main flood as it came up behind Dr. Huntington's.

Mr. Towler went with Lee, and when I saw him later he felt he might have some permanent mark as a result of sitting some fourteen hours on the tops of empty milk bottles. When the truck went off I felt rather hysterically that it was the last load of milk we could send from the Farm. We didn't have clean utensils, we had no way to properly cool the milk, and no way to store it, to say nothing of the bottles, their washing, and sterilizing. But we would salvage electric motors, and the cows. And so we made the rounds hour by hour watching our little sticks, discovering how much higher or farther the water had come.

About one o'clock we had cheering news. Tony, one of our boys, poked around the fallen tobacco shed and finding one of the heifers, he was thrilled to find her warm to touch. He hurried back for the rest of the boys and axes to cut her loose. They located another nearby, and went to work to clear the beams which lay across their backs. With some difficulty the two heifers got to their feet and walked off. One of these will have a calf shortly. So far she seems to have no ill efects. About four o'clock all indications were to the effect that the rise was only about four inches an hour instead

Before

After

"The Avenue"

The road past Forty Acres

of six or eight as it had been, and we took a nap for an hour. We had warned the Huntingtons that the water would shortly be over their Southern driveway, and they drove their cars up on the road.

After milking the cows at four thirty they were driven to Roy Comins' pasture where we could have acess to them without a boat. The water between us and the hill would have made it necessary for them to swim. The sun shone brightly and every one was hopeful in spite of the fact that the water steadily and silently rose. Squash from a field quite far down the road bobbed along the waves.

We had breakfast with the Pierce family. John said he did not mind any of us staying at the Farm if we only had a boat. So one of the first moves was to induce Mr. Scott to part with one of his boats. It was unloaded by the Dairy on dry land. In the middle of the afternoon I put out the anchor to be sure our craft would not float away, but the water never washed over the top of that cement block which was the anchor. I had the pleasure of marking the high point and then seeing it go DOWN from that.

Thursday A.M.
While we were on the trip to Amherst for eggs and other provisions, the boys took care of motors and all removable equipment. We left the children at cousin Dorothy Wellinton's in Amherst. She was bravely planning to feed fourteen refugees for lunch but she took our two girls in too. Amherst was a shambles of fallen trees, but they had the advantage of the Amherst students who whether they knew how or not were chopping the streets clear. In Amherst the situation was fairly serious because there is no gas, and most people have electric stoves. With the wires hanging like bedraggled mardi-grass streamers people had to make shift over open fire places or gather at houses which had old-fashinned stoves.

In the afternoon John went to Amherst to see what he could do to get milk handled for our customers. The Dairy at the State College where they have their own Power Plant were, as always most cooperative and helpful. They managed to fit us in too. While he was gone I watched Dr. Huntington being ferried across from his old house to the road. At three o'clock he said the water was still coming up, and he didn't dare risk another night in the house, completely cut off as he was. Their boat had been down at the river bank when the water started to rise and I imagine it was carried away. While he was leaving, the Pierce's seeing the water still coming up in the yard, decided to take their baby up to North Hadley out of any danger. I had about an hour to myself completely alone, and I went from house to house seeing if there was any forgotten thing which could be moved before the water picked it up. Not having boots I waded around barefoot, even in our cellar water was not over my knees. This was the crucial point when I put our the anchor and the tide turned. From five o'clock on it was clear that water was receding. It was a tremendous relief. By six o'clock the Pierces were all back on the Farm, and we had a jolly supper party in the Big House together.

Our Woods

In the Wake of the Hurricane

1938

Amherst, Massachusetts

Views of damage wrought in Amherst, Pelham and Hadley by the hurricane of September 21, 1938 and the ensuing flood waters of the Connecticut River.

Price 25 Cents

In Amherst, Now

It is not only that the trees are gone,
Whose roots were in our breasts, as now we know,
When the earth yielded and the breast held on,
Not knowing any way to let them go . . .
Not merely that the lost and wandering eye,
Ranging horizons to the east . . . to west . . .
Finds unfamiliar angles of the sky,
And wanders on and finds no certain rest.

Not this alone . . . Our minds had somehow been
(For very long and happily in this place)
Another sky that elms were branching in
With such cool benisons of special grace,
That we shall know, I think, a nameless lack
Of something gone, of something wanted back.

—DAVID MORTON

AT APPROXIMATELY 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, September 21, a noticeable wind began to rise about Amherst. It shifted to an easterly direction, and, as minutes passed, continued to rise to gale proportions. Gusts tugged at umbrellas, whipped rain into every nook and cranny, rattled windows with a hint of what was to come.

By 4:30 walking had become difficult, and as the savageness of the blasts increased, houses shuddered on their foundations, and limbs of trees crashed to the ground. Electric light poles snapped, transformers fell heavily, wires sagged, broke, and were whipped about as they dangled in the air. The hurricane had struck the stunned town with all the force at its command.

Trees writhed in the fury of the gale, strained, and toppled to the ground, wrenching roots from the soft earth already soaked by a four days rain. The wild wind rent the roofs from houses, tore off slate and hurled it with the speed of bullets into the streets. Power was cut off, communication crippled, and the highways became a wilderness of fallen trees.

The hurricane lasted an hour. Its effects will last a lifetime.

When the final gust had gone off into the Berkshires, and a milder south wind came to the stricken town, residents little knew what had really happened. It was left to the sunlight of Thursday morning to reveal the full destruction.

But the work of clearing up began when the wind lessened.

Newton's Summer Camp in Pelham

For the first time the American Legion signal was blown at the Fire Station, and students at both colleges turned out to assist the townspeople in clearing the highways.

The greatest loss to the town was in its trees. Those fallen into the streets alone were conservatively estimated at 1500, with an equal number felled on private property. Damage in dollars and cents has been set at $1,000,000, but the loss of beauty can not be set down in figures.

The two colleges suffered heavily. On the Amherst campus, 133 trees fell, the grove was destroyed, and the roof of Morrow dormitory was stripped off. At Mass. State about 140 trees were uprooted, and 70 more were seriously damaged.

The task of restoring power and communication began at once with supplemented crews at work. One power circuit in the center was hooked up late Thursday afternoon. An emergency generator was set up by the telephone company on which it operated for 24 hours before electric power was restored and on Friday about one hundred phones had been put into service again.

The M. S. C. barometer recorded a new low at 28.14, with wind measurement at 80 miles per hour for periods of one minute, and gusts estimated at 120 miles per hour at the storm's height.

The work of rehabilitation began as the tempest spent itself, for a man's courage, energy and faith survive the wildest winds that blow.

North Pleasant Street, From Center

Once the Home of Eugene Field — West End

Emily Dickinson's House, Main Street, East

Brick House on Bay Road, End Blown In

W. R. Brown's Car in Center, Near Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity

Common, North From College Street

LINCOLN AVENUE, SOUTH FROM AMITY STREET

Atkinson's House, South Pleasant Street — Tin Roof Blown 200 Yards

THE GROVE AT AMHERST COLLEGE, WEST FROM PRATT GYM

Full Tobacco Sheds, Hadley

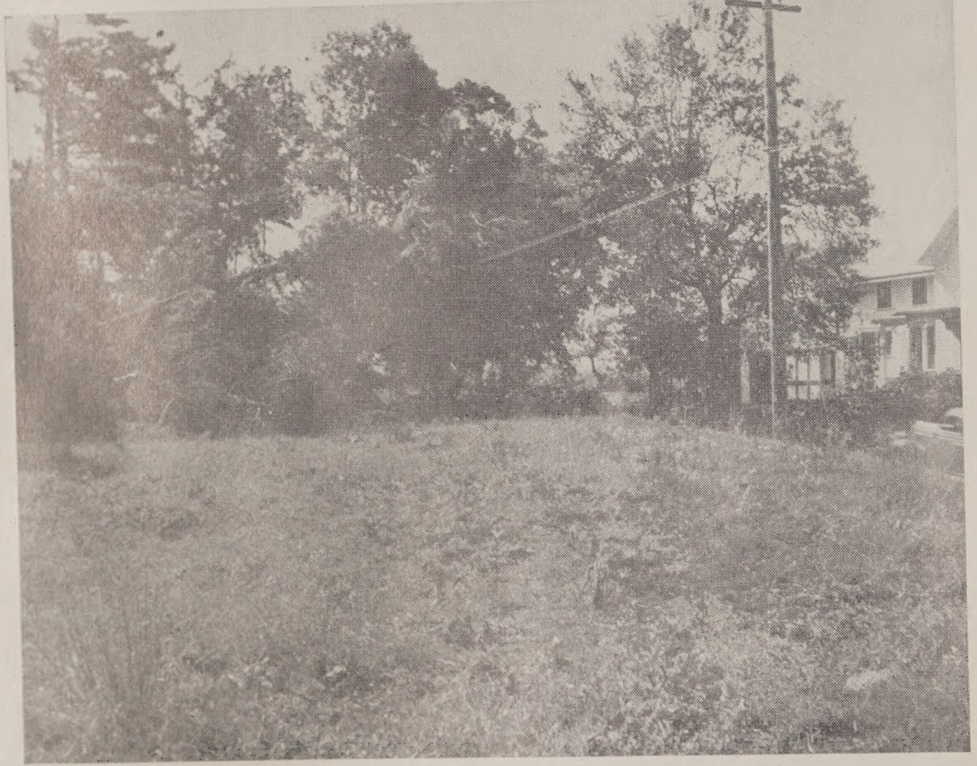
Flood Victims on Hadley Town Hall Steps

HOUSE ON NORTH PLEASANT STREET, WEST

Lincoln Avenue

Brick House on Bay Road, South Amherst

Corner of Lincoln Avenue and Amity Street



A Pine Grove in Pelham

Fifth Green, Amherst Golf Club, South Pleasant Street

Northampton Road, Hadley — South From Railroad Tracks

Fri, Sat, and Sunday were spent in chopping, cleaning and dragging our-selves to rights again. It seemed a hopeless task and we had a queer lack of energy but things are getting done. We don't know when there will be electricity or telephone but we are comfortable in Granney's house (burning oil and wood) we have one lamp - I think John will be back at Harvard next week.

Lots of Love, ever

D.

Book III

The Bridge

One Of City's Oldest Houses, Formerly Clark's Ferry Toll House And Inn, Has Been Sold

New Owner Will Convert Colonial Homestead Into Several Apartments; Sell Adjoining Land as Building Sites

One of Northampton's oldest dwellings, for nearly a century and a half known as "Clark's Ferry toll house and inn," the quaint barn-red colonial house at 428 Bridge street, near the Calvin Coolidge bridge, has been sold, and will soon surrender its antiquity to modern apartments designed to help relieve the local housing shortage.

William M. Cochran's real estate agency negotiated sale of the house and land to Leon W. Shumway of this city, who will alter the dwelling to provide several apartments, and who will divide the approximately two acres of land into building lots to accommodate additional dwellings.

Former Police Chief's Home

Occupied in recent years by Mrs. Augusta Gilbert, who has just sold the property to Mr. Shumway, the residence is the former home of the late Northampton Police Chief George W. Gilbert, who used part of its broad lands, which earlier extended out to what is now the new Water street, for extensive hobby gardening following his retirement.

Built Prior to 1742

According to a chapter authored by the late Miss Harriet J. Kneeland in the book, "Early Northampton," published in 1914 by Betty Allen chapter, D. A. R., "in 1742, Benjamin Alvord sold to Ezra Clark a parcel of land and a house at the end of Bridge street, near the river. In the same year Ezra Clark was licensed to keep an inn, and because of no evidence to the contrary and much internal proof of age, we may conclude that the old inn and the later toll house were one and the same, with the house standing in 1742. No one can tell us how much earlier it was built."

Benjamin was an express rider, a sort of "coureur de bois," frequently mentioned for his courage and daring, often employed in the troublous Indian and later Revolutionary times to carry supplies or messages for the different leaders. His hair-breadth escapes were numerous, and "thrilling tales must have been told beside the great fireplace of the old inn," the D. A. R. book ventures.

Rafters Hold Historic Secrets

Prior to 1758 Ezra Clark owned and operated the ferry running across the Connecticut river near where the Coolidge bridge now stands, so the old house saw much traffic of historic importance . . . the Minutemen en route to Lexington . . . Burgoyne with some of his defeated soldiers crossing over on their way to the coast and England . . . in 1792 the stagecoach and its crowds of passengers going to "the Bay" over the old Bay road . . . grave judges coming to hold court in Northampton . . . students bound for Amherst . . . clergymen, who were never charged the toll fee . . . reverend professors and others.

Miss Kneeland's writings in the D. A. R. book indicate that the house has "with ears, too, as well as with eyes, shared in our history . . . it has heard the great river rushing past with its grinding ice pack in spring . . . the shrill cry of the Indian in his canoe . . . the long winding note of the post horn . . . . sound of hammers as timbers were fitted into place on 'the Great Bridge' . . . the whistle of the locomotive, the whir of the 'broom-stick train,' and the chug-chug of the horseless carriage.

And Even This Came to Pass

"Who shall say," the writer continues, "that the house may not sometime listen to the flapping of great wings as the aeroplanes fly past on the air-line from Boston to Chicago?"

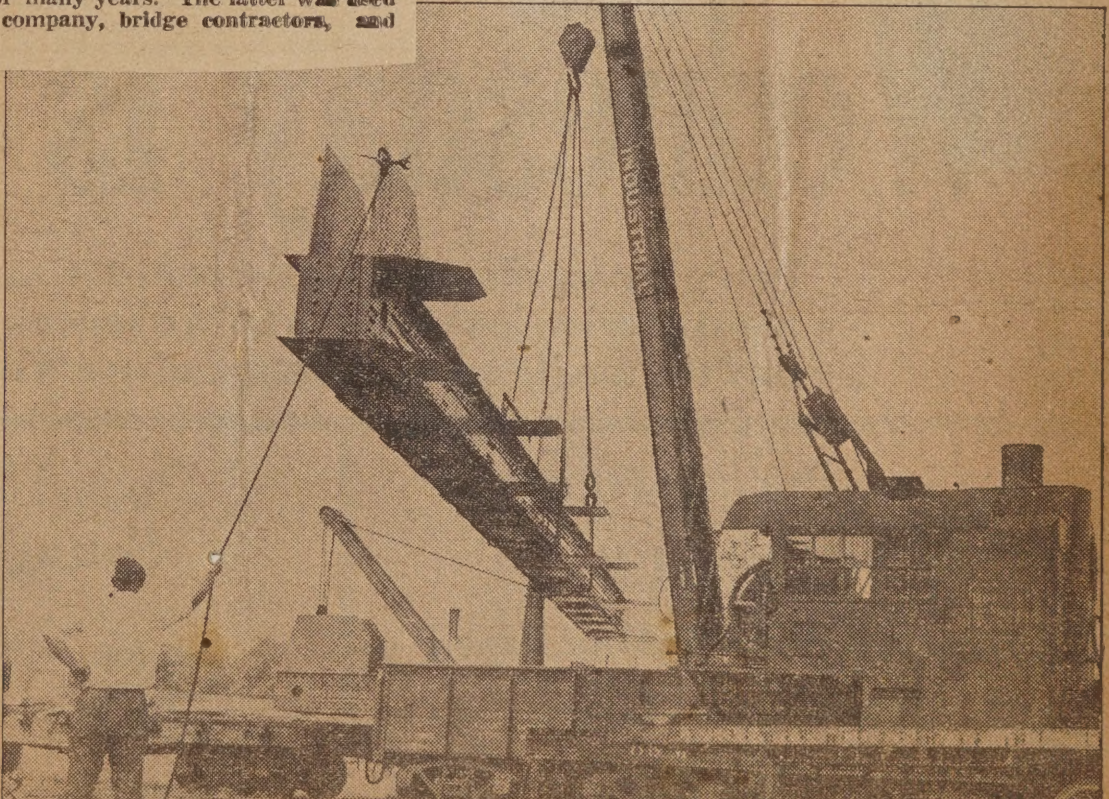
The first Ezra Clark, great great-grandson of Lieut. William, was one of the local Committee of Safety and many times served as selectman. Of the next generation, Jonas was three years a soldier of the Revolution. Descendants included Spencer Clark, the Rev. Jonas Clark, and Charles Clark of the Hartford Courant and the late Miss Helen C. Sergeant, a former regent of Betty Allen chapter.

The author concludes of the old dwelling: "There is no register to tell us who were the distinguished guests of the inn, but truly it has been a 'house by the side of the road and a friend to man.'"

Old Iron Bridge As It Appeared Many Years Ago

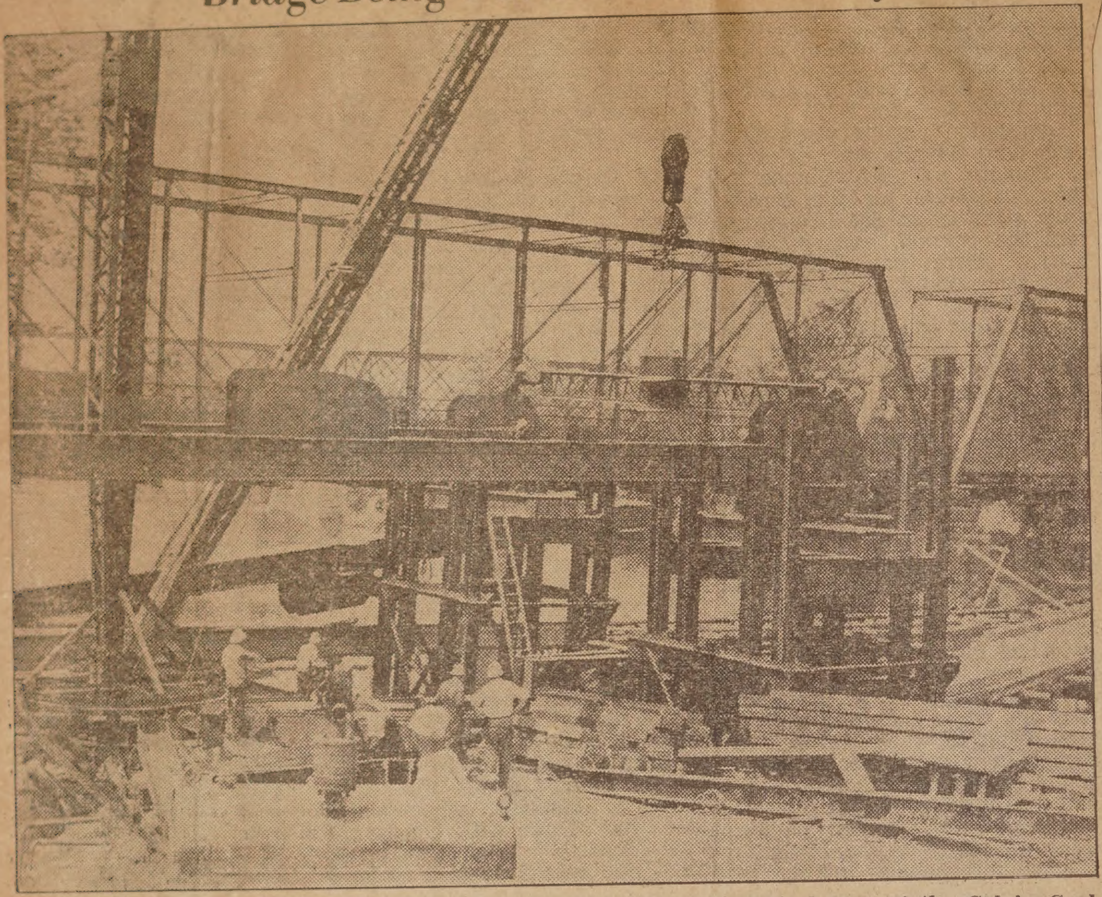
This view of the iron bridge replaced by the new steel and concrete Calvin Coolidge Memorial shows how the former span looked several decades ago. Reprinted from an old negative, it shows a part of the toll house which stood at the left of the Northampton end of the bridge for many years. The latter was used as headquarters by the Stuart company, bridge contractors, and has now been torn down.

...ams For The ...dge Memorial Bridge Here ...g Unloaded At B. & M. Freight Yards



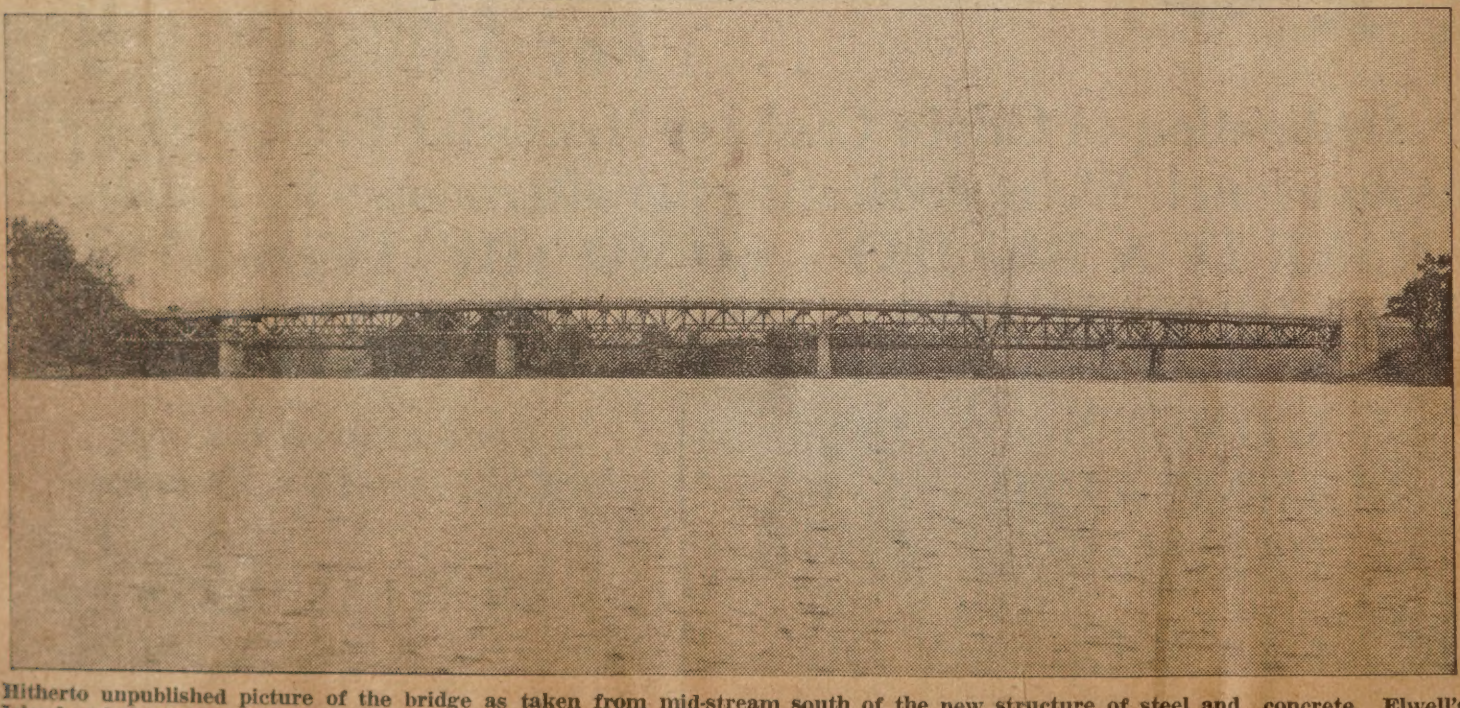
Gazette photo shows derrick at Boston & Maine freight yard unloading 24 ton stringer for the Calvin Coolidge Memorial bridge, where the first steel work was started today by the Bethlehem Steel company, sub-contractors, and fabricators of the steel. Part of a shipment of 3,000 tons, approximately half of which is now at the freight yards, the stringer will be stacked at the yards, awaiting trucking to the bridge site.

First Of Large Stringers For Calvin Coolidge Bridge Being Put In Place Yesterday Afternoon



W[illegible]men are shown in photo riveting into place the first heavy steel spar of the Calvin Coolidge [illegible]emorial bridge. The 24 ton stringer extends from the Northampton abutment of the bridge to the first of a series of steel "falsework" piles, a method of erecting steelwork patented by the Bethlehem Steel company, which is doing the work under a sub-contract with T. Stuart and Son company, general contractor.

Workmen wearing special composition helmets to protect their heads from falling rivets and other hazards were driving the first rivets in the huge stringer, as the above picture was snapped. The spar is part of a shipment of 3,000 tons of Bethlehem steel being received at the B. & M. freight yards here daily.

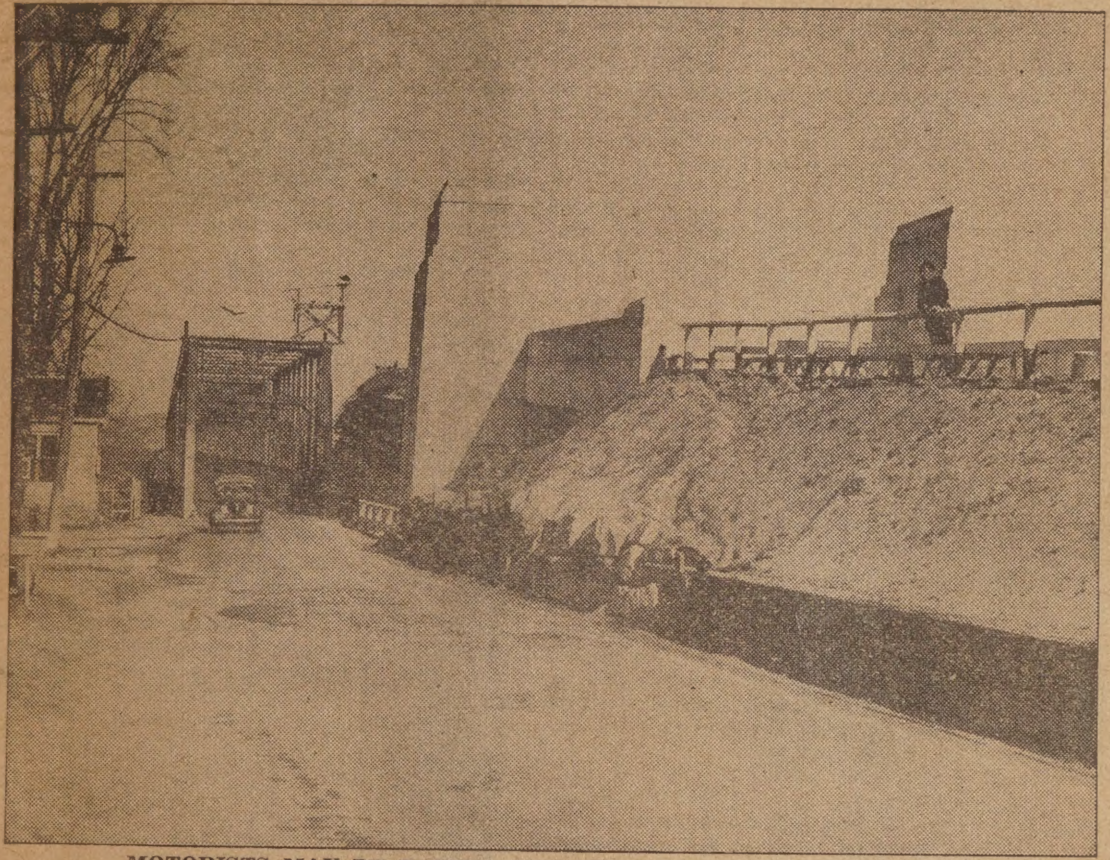


Hitherto unpublished picture of the bridge as taken from mid-stream south of the new structure of steel and concrete. Elwell's Island and the Boston & Maine railroad bridge are in the background.

AMPSHIRE GAZE

ampton, Mass., Saturday, November 26, 1938—Twelve Pages.

Old Hadley Bridge Now Dwarfed In Comparison With Modernistic Calvin Coolidge Memorial Structure



MOTORISTS MAY BE TAKING THE "HIGH ROAD" BY CHRISTMAS

The old and the new in Connecticut river bridges are shown clearly in this Gazette photo of the Northampton approaches of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial bridge and the 70 year old iron structure which it is soon to replace. The latter is fast approaching completion, and may be opened for traffic by Christmas.

Removal Of Two Old Bridges Across Connecticut River Here Awaits The Pleasure Of The Departing Ice Crop

Snow-covered ice shown on Connecticut river. Left to right: Boston & Maine railroad bridge, on which freight cars are used to weight it down during extreme flood stages; the old Hadley highway bridge, built many years ago and now replaced by the new Calvin Coolidge Memorial bridge, which stands south of the old steel structure on the right, the former trolly bridge, abandoned in recent years when busses replaced street cars. Picture taken from the Northampton side of the river, with Hadley meadows in the background.

Ice in the Connecticut river, which was of help to Calvin Coolidge bridge contractors in removing some spans of the old auto and trolley bridges, now appears to be a definite hindrance in the demolition of the last two spans of the bridges on the Hadley side of the river. Depth of the water makes it necessary to use the lighter "Nonotuck" in removing the remaining steel, and prevalence of ice has caused a suspension of work for past month. The picture above shows how far the work has progressed. The lighter was originally used for the work on one pier on the Hadley side.

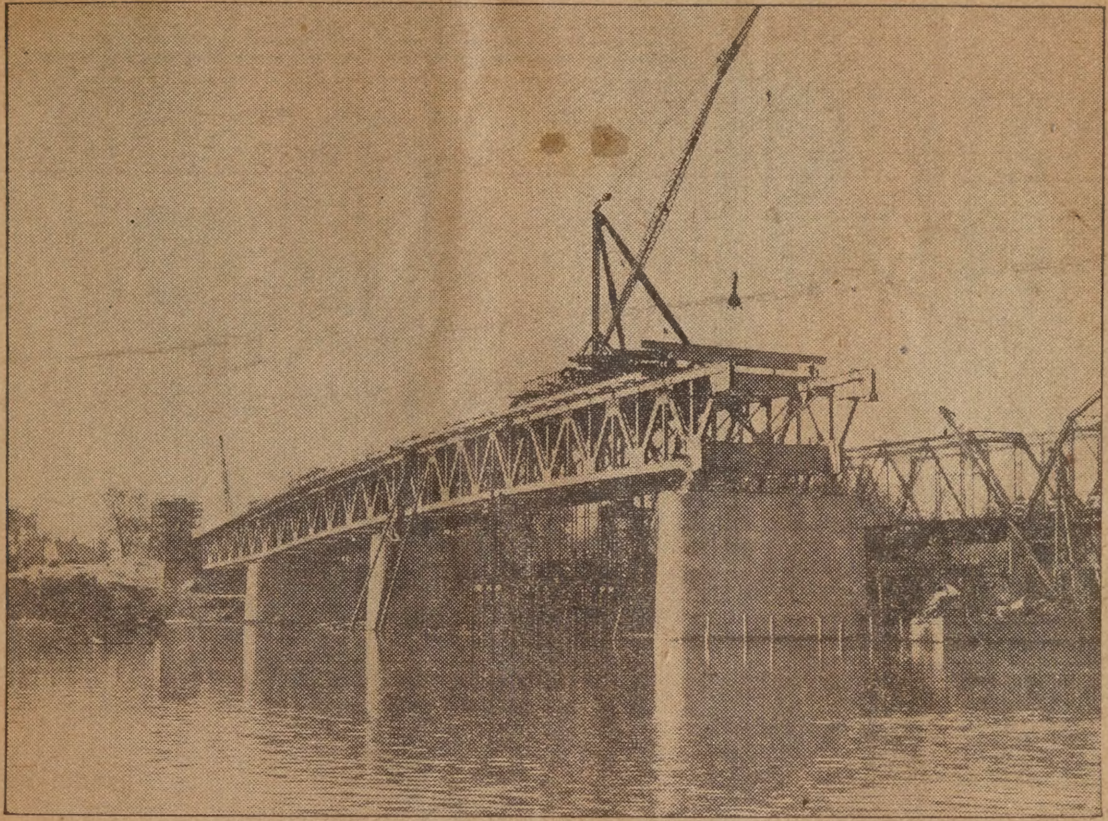
Officials of the company predict ice floes from up river will prevent further removal operations for at least two weeks. After that the remaining spans will be quickly removed, and stacked on the Northampton side of the stream. From there will be removed by Samuel Carlson company, high bidder on the scrap iron, which is owned by the county.

With the exception of the four spans shown here all visible signs of the two bridges have been removed. Piers have been cut off to water level.

Laying of the permanent paving on the Calvin Coolidge bridge, delayed by cold weather, will start in about three weeks, Stuart company officials say.

pton, Mass., Friday, October 14, 1938—Eighteen Pages.

Steel Work On New Bridge Reaches Third Of Five Spans Across River Between Northampton And Hadley



Flood and hurricane have delayed operations about two weeks. Th e concrete pouring finished up to first pier. May be opened to traff ic early in the New Year.

Some idea of the progress made on the new Calvin Coolidge Mem ·ial bridge, across the Connecticut river between this city and Hadley, may be had from the above picture taken from the Hadley side of the bridge.

The roadway of the new bridge, wh·ch will be much wider than appears from pictures taken from the upstream or downstream points, w.. be higher than the top of the superstructure of the old bridge, which has the appearance of increased antiquity as work on the new bi dge progresses. It will be high above any past, present or contemplated flood waters.

The steel span of the new bridge has already reached the third pier, with but one more to go, before the last span to the Hadley abutment.

Pouring concrete has been completed as far as the first pier and forms are now being prepared for the second "pour."

Steel-work to Be Finished in December

Steel-work will be completed the early part of December, officials of the Bethlehem Steel company, sub - contractors estimated today. The flood and hurricane delayed operations about two weeks, they said.

May Be Open in February

The new bridge was expected to open for traffic in February, 1939, but delays caused by natural forces may slow down the work.

Hadley

Town Floats In Bridge Parade Are Commended

Hadley, Oct. 13—A float in the Calvin Coolidge bridge parade which drew especial attention and interest from the thousands who were in the county seat yesterday was the covered bridge float. This structure was built upon a truck body loaned by George Bristol of Three Corners and drawn by a Joseph Tudryn truck. The covered bridge made as a replica of the old bridge which was blown into the Connecticut in 1877 was 23 feet long by 6 feet wide and 7 feet high. It was made from weather - beaten timber and boards by Joseph, Michael, Anthony and Edward Tudryn of North Hadley. It was modeled from the specifications of the original bridge, even to the lattice work effect of the timbers and planking. A small wagon drawn by a Shetland pony, which was driven by Edward Tudryn, Jr., was seen at the opening of the bridge where David Callahan, Jr., was collecting the toll from Eddie. Two other small boys, Joseph Wanczeyk, Jr., and John Rodalski. were fishing from the windows of the bridge. The travelers were Irene Szostak, Edward Zalot and John Sralinsky.

The old stage coach, the property of Mrs. Clifton Johnson of Hockanum, is always a most popular attraction in any parade. The old coach was drawn by Ignace Waskiewicz's splendid team of horses which were driven by Mr. Waskiewicz. The driver and other occupants of the ancient vehicle were dressed in costumes of a century ago. In the coach with their many hat boxes were the Misses Eleanor Johnson, Catherine Kostek and Jeanette Russell, while riding high were Bud Sanders, John Russell, Warren Johnson and Stuart Russell. A placard stated that 100 years ago Hadley produced tobacco, broom corn and cattle which was shipped by river boat, ox-cart and on the hoof.

One of the floats of most educational value and interest was that which was entered by Peter Mokrzecki and Sons. It was in reality a tobacco shop on wheels. Built upon a Mokrzecki truck was a shop in which were men engaged in the various tasks from the taking down of the tobacco, stripping it and placing it in bundles, which were then opened in the shop where the tobacco went through the processes of sorting, sizing, tying and packing. Exhibits of tobacco in several stages of growth and curing made this exhibit one of the most complete and interesting of the day. A placard on the shop gave the annual production of tobacco in Hadley as 1,827,000 pounds.

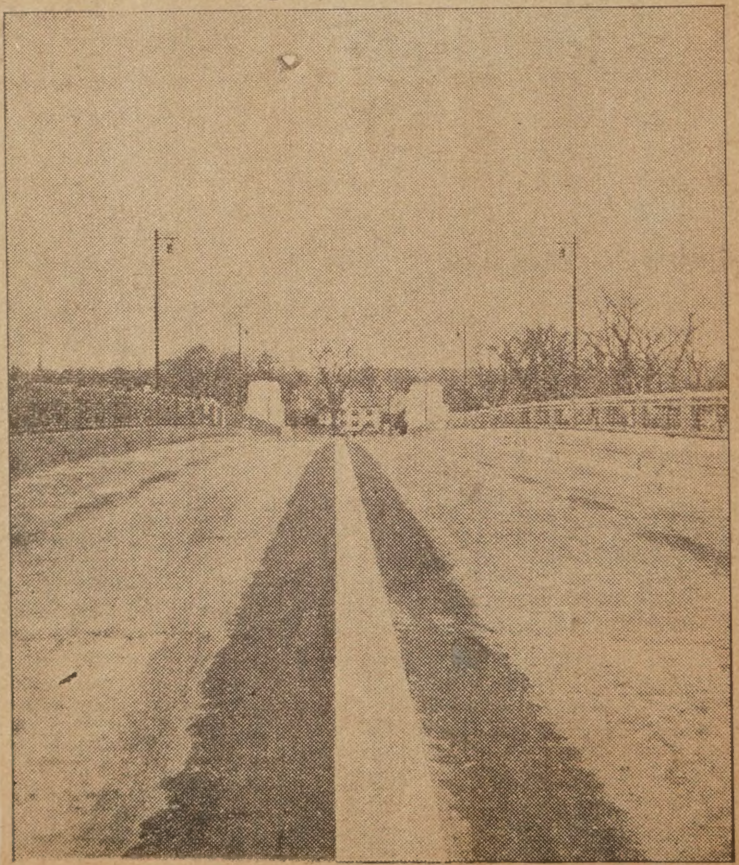
A Northampton and Boston express truck told graphically the story of Hadley's annual production of asparagus of 110,000 crates; onions 250,000 bushels; potatoes 200,000 bushels, most of which is now shipped by trucks.

A Montgomery truck filled with roses and gardenias gave the information that the four Hadley growers of these flowers produce 3,870,000 roses and 670,000 gardenias annually.

The Hopkins academy float was impressive for it showed the educational progress of the institution from its academic start in 1664 through the periods of the introduction of vocational agriculture, vocational household arts, athletics and school activities. The 4-H clubs by means of truck and wagon displayed evidences of attention to dairying, gardening, poultry culture, sewing, canning, cooking, handicraft and conservation. James Kentfield, a junior at Hopkins, was larely responsible for the success of the 4-H floats.

While all who were connected with the planning and construction of the floats deserve credit, much of the success is due to the untiring efforts of Ernest Russell, chairman of the Hadley committee.

Driver's Eye-View Of Roadway Of The Calvin Coolidge Memorial Bridge



A driver's eye view of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial bridge, which opened for traffic this noon, is given above. The picture was taken at the exact center of 1440 foot span, looking toward Northampton. The white line dividing the 40 foot roadway is now slightly raised above the rest of the highway, but macadam will be added in the spring, forming a smooth non-skid surface. The sodium vapor lights which will illuminate the bridge were tried out yesterday and found satisfactory. They will be in operation tonight.

Coolidge Memorial Bridge Opened To Traffic This Noon

Structure Completed After 437 Days. Will Be Dedicated on July 4, Former President's Birthday. Strong Agitation for New Structure Begun After 1936 Flood. Replaces Old 1877 Iron Span

Without ceremony, the million and a quarter dollar Calvin Cool-

pany of Watertown being awarded the contract with a low bid of $1,193,000. Work was started on

First Bridge in 1808

"No bridge was built on this site until 1808, one hundred and ...he ferry had ..." Mr. Comp-...ues. "In 1803, ...ned to build a ...rporation was ...ietors of the ...e.' The bridge ...ed in October, ...in those days ..." an open one ...m the descrip-...l arches rest-...ts. The plank-...idge arches so ...as a series of ... The bridge ...s in use nine ...: at a cost of ...m plans de-...ac Damon, the ...e builder. This ...ed in 1824 by

...in 1826

...as built in 1826 ...00, work being ...nber, 1827. The ...0 feet long and ...vered affair, it ...'dead lights" in ...azed sky lights

...this bridge was ...pton's account ... that it stayed ...ood of 1859, at ...dley end was ... rebuilt at a

...Off by Wind

...lge withstood ...rces of nature for a period of nearly 20 years, finally being blow off its foundations by the hurricane of 1876. Although 11 teams and 16 persons were crossing the river at the time, only one person was killed and three injured.

Former "Toll" Days

All bridges from 1808 to 1875 were toll bridges, but the total amount taken in during that period was only $6,300. A toll hou... once stood about 20 rods west ... the bridge, being replaced by ... close to the bridge. The latter ... still in use, being occupied by ... bridge contractors. It is the pr... erty of the county, which boug... it and surrounding properties ... allow for construction of ... bridge abutment. It will be s... when the Stuart company mov... out.

Made "Free" in 1875

On Jan. 27, 1875, the Hadl... bridge was made a "free" brid... by the state legislature, bei... valued at $25,000, of which ... county paid $11,000, Northam... ton $7,000, Hadley $4,000 and A... herst $3,000. Northampton was ... keep the bridge in repair and ... penses were to be borne by ... three towns in proportion to th... share in the property.

Present Iron Bridge Built in 18...

The present iron bridge, n... awaiting demolition, was built ... 1877. Known as the whipple ... "double intersecting trus... bridge, it consists of eight spa... supported on seven mason... piers and two masonry ab... ments. It is 1,219 feet long a... about 18 feet wide between ... guard rails.

Hit by Storm in 1879

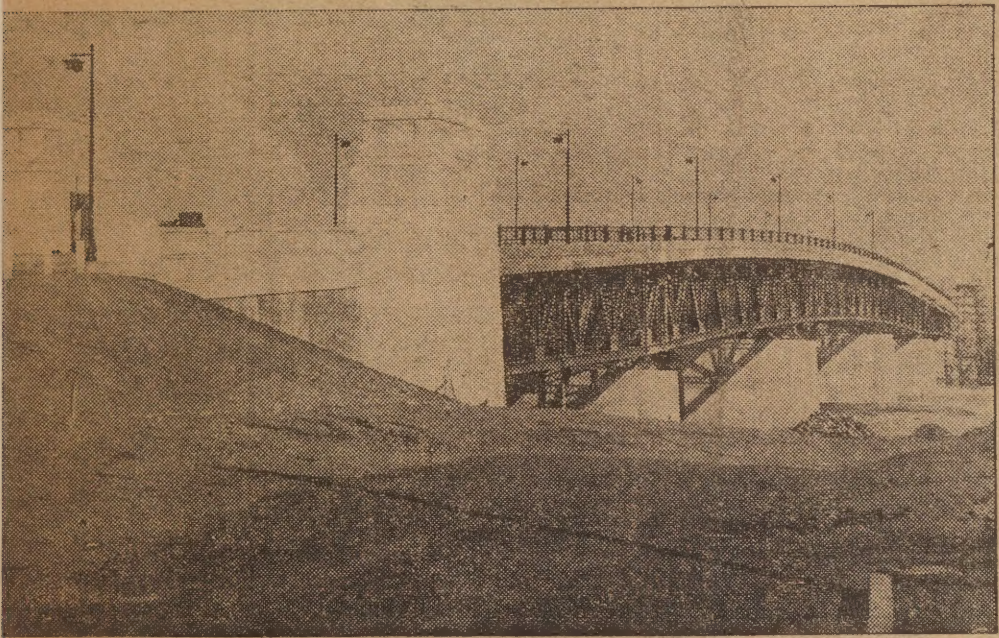
In 1879 another cyclone t... the bridge off its foundations ... the Hadley end. Two piers had ... be rebuilt at considerable ... pense. In 1915 it was found th... the piers of the structure h... settled and tipped to a danger... degree and piers 6 and 7 were ... moved and rebuilt on a pile fo... dation. A sidewalk was also a... ed to the upstream side of ... bridge to increase the capacity ... the roadway. The entire job c... $52 350.

The question of a new bri... was consideded at this time, ... it was finally decided that ... great expense was not justifi... The matter was not dropped ... tirely, but it was not until af... the disastrous 1936 flood that ... pressure was brought to be... and the Calvin Coolidge Mem... al bridge resulted.

...Y HAMPSHIRE (...

Northampton, Mass., Saturday, January 21, 1939—Twelve...

...New Bridge Opened To Traffic Today



...will be given when all details of its construction are complete, ...have been planning for the structure ever since the flood of 1936 ...badly damaged the existing iron bridge, but it was some time thereafter that announcement of decision to construct the new bridge was made.

Contract Price $1,193,000

Groundwork included the incurring of a $30,000 debt by the county commission for the purpose of purchasing land adjacent to each end of the span and the acquiring of these areas by eminent domain. The entire sum borro... has been expended.

On Oct. 16, 1937, bids were called for and were opened November 2, T. Stuart and Son com-

ent the roadway is of concrete, but asphalt paving will be added in the spring. The steelwork has yet to be painted, and many minor details completed. When finished, the bridge will be turned over to the commissioners.

Recalls Ferry Days

The first transportation across the Connecticut river was by ferry, and according to a historical sketch prepared by Warren Compton, state engineer engaged in supervision of the Coolidge bridge construction, the first ferry began operating in 1658, four years after Northampton was settled.

Calvin Coolidge Memorial

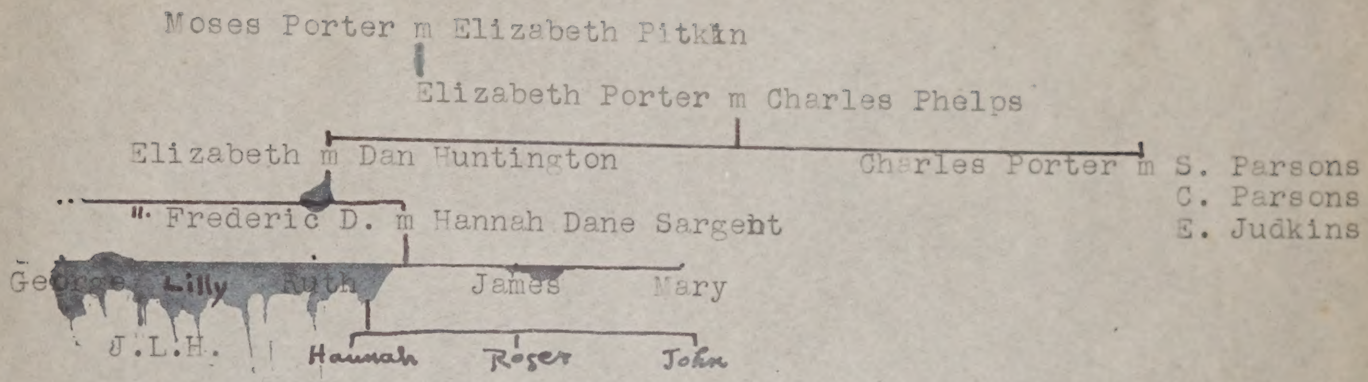
Eric Stahlberg

Book IV

Recapitulation

An old picture

Liriodendron Tulipfera



Elizabeth Phelps and her husband came to Hadley to live at Forty Acres with her mother. Charles Porter her brother built the house at "Pine Grove" in 1817 where his adopted sister Thankful Hitchcock and her husband Charles took care of the house and farm for him. At the very time of his removing his wife and six children from Boston to the new house his wife died. Later he married her cousin Charlotte who had come to the aid of the family in their bereavement. Four children were born to them. After her death he married a widow Elizabeth Hastings Judkins who already had three almost grown daughters. Charles' daughter Caroline by his first wife, married Stephen Bulfinch. They had one daughter, Ellen who was the only grandchild and the last of this line.

In 1894 Bishop Huntington rented the house at "Pine Grove" for his daughter Ruth, so that she might leave Brooklyn with the children, and enjoy the Summer near her Mother and Father who were at "Forty Acres" or "Elm Valley" as it was sometimes called. A few years later "Pine Grove" was bought from the Phelps cousins and given to Ruth Huntington Sessions. In 1910 after her Mother's death the property was divided and Mrs. Sessions built a small house for a Farmer to carry on "Phelps Farm" as a Dairy supplying milk and cream for the house at 109 Elm St., Northampton where Smith College girls boarded. In 1921 when Mrs. Sessions sold this house to the College the milk business had grown considerably. At this time she deeded the Farm property to her son John believing him the only one of her children able and willing to carry it on. In 1947 John repaired the house and moved his family there, living the year round as the house was lived in by Charles P. Phelps almost a century earlier.

When John and I left New York City on the 31st day of December in 1928 we settled ourselves in the big house built by his forbears in about 1800. The main kitchen has a fireplace with large oven built into the chimney. As we sat before the modern coal range trying to play checkers in a steadily chilling atmosphere we kept adding clothes but getting colder all the time. Finally we investigated to see where the drafts came from. As I hunted around the old oven I discovered a chimney opening directly in front of and above the oven When I looked up this flue I got snowflakes in my eye. Before that Winter melted into Spring I went out ome morning and my hand stuck to the latch. It was thirty below zero. We had all the attendant circumstances of frequently frozen water pipes even though we had reduced ourselves to those which supplied only the kitchen. The danger of Fire was always on our minds. When a circling breeze carried the smell of woodsmoke to our sleeping noses John alyays got up and embraced all the chimneys. He was devoted and ever solicitous. The caretaker at the Huntinton place across the road got up one cold night to take some medicine and finding the floor hot under foot got out of his house in the nick of time. In the morning the remains of his bed rested crazily on the remains of smouldering rubbish in the cellar-hole.

There were various stages of high water which I thought were rather considerable but my estimable mother-in-law called "freshets" We had elected to go to a Football game in Philadelphia the time in 1927 when the Connecticut overflowed the upper meadows almost to the road, and backed in behind the farm buildings, between the barns and the hill until it almost reached the ancient elm tree between the Cottage and the Dairy building. In 1936 this high point was as a limit, something that was known, but when the water kept on rising the old record became insignificant. I used to walk along the bank of the River when it was rising to hear the hiss of air being forced out of the ground. Each year the waters came down with awesome silence. One never heard the roar thet is usually spoken of as the accompaniment of flood waters. Each Spring the great volume of water passed over the fields with only small sounds of twigs and leaves disturbed along the edge as small waves were rippled by the wind. But in the dark and dreadful night of March 21st 1936 we heard the tremendous roar built up by the multitude crashing of ice and trees and buildings being carried, and destroyed by the River in its rampage. On February 24 1840 bombardment of the ice cakes destroyed the heavy stone pier of the Hadley-Northampton bridge. The two spans left on the Hadley side were weakened by the impact of a great ship-like object, as high as a house and fully seventy-five or one hundred feet in length. This was a large portion of the Sunderland bridge. As it was caught broadside against the pier it was soon ground to kindling by the ice. Within an hour the remaining Hadley span floated down stream. When the water subsided in 1840 it was found to have cut a new channel across the neck of land at the entrance to the Ox Bow having formed an island of that rich piece of ~~ground~~ Hockanum meadows within the Bow. Without looking up records to correct my impression, it is my idea that the bridge destroyed in 1840 was a covered bridge such as was the one which floated down from Sunderland. I believe that these were replaced with similar structures. According to a plaque on the iron structure which was used when we came to Hadley that bridge replaced one which had been destroyed by a strong wind. The Iron structure was only wide enuf for two cars to pass, and many is the time traffic had to wait ubtil a load of hay, or corn stalks had gone through. It was very shaky having been tuned to horses and carts the vibration of modern motors was very bad for it. Very close to the motor bridge was another very

similar structure used by the street cars. Not far upstream is still a third bridge of the same period used by the Boston & Maine Railroad. It always seems to me that trains proceed very gingerly over the bridge. When the River was high we used to mark its rise on the abutments of the Railroad bridge. And many is the time the swirling water was so close to the floor of the old bridge when we went to Northampton we would wonder whether we would be permitted to get home again that way. The present modern structure accomodates four cars across, and is so far above the water as to give one complete security. But if an old-timer is allowed to ramble on about the old days I shall tell you about two times in my twenty years (so far) when there was no security in the Valley.
W

Wednesday morning, March 18th, 1936 dawned rainy and gray after a night of rain. From our house we could see the river swollen and angry when now and then the mist lifted. Bridges of green grass showed on the lower meadow between lakes of fast rising water. At 10:30 I took the girls to Northampton to the dentist, and the water in a brook between our house and Hadley was as high as it had been the week before when an ice-jam had backed the River,,and the let go before any much damage had happened. The water and mist was so close to the floor of the old bridge that we feared we would not get back before the bridge was closed. We hurried through our errands and got home at noon to find the water was very much higher everywhere. Husband John telephoned to the Stat Police for their prognostication for flood height, and whether or not the bridge would beclosed. They did not know when the peak would be reached, rain was to continue for at least 24 hours, and the bridge would surely have to be closed. John had the Delivery truck loaded with as much milk as it could carry and sent Lee, the driver, over to Northampton about three o'clock in the afternoon. Ordinarily the milk would have gone at three or four the next morning. John's Mother had an apartment for the Winter at 13 Belmont and Lee was to get ice to cover the milk, park it at the Manse, and rest himself at Mrs. Sessions apartment.

Here at the Farm John was worried about all the equipment, and the cows. No one knew where the water would come to. John felt he should move the cows to higher ground and wondered whether he could move the pasteurizers. I could not believe it could be necessary, but after a trip to Hadley John had felt an ominous atmosphere down there and felt we should prepare for anything. By five o'clock water was pouring down the Bulkhead of our Cousins house across the road. At that time we knew that cousin Jimmy was on his way up from Boston, but we did not wait for him to arrive. When the water which had backed in over the upper meadow was joined by the in creasing height of the main stream on the lower meadow we hurried over Jimmy's driveway which stood out of the waters like a slender causeway. We wanted to move as much furniture as we could to the upper floor. We had one flashlight. Daylight was very dim. Mrs Comins, the next neighbor up the road had pulled the Electric switch and removed the oil burner earlier in the afternoon. We decided at this time to send the children to North Hadley in the care of John's old nurse who lived safely on a hill which we felt was out of all danger.

Everything we could we moved up stairs or set up on chairs. In our hurry and confusion we forgot to remove lower desk drawers, and the desk was too heavy to budge. We had no time to think of the Big Old House where all the rugs neatly rolled lay on the floor, just back from the Cleaners. When Mr. Riley who was our Herdsman called to tell us that the water was pouring over the North driveway, we hurried out and waded across. As Mr. Riley went down the road in the dark he called out "Here's the Doc" We could not understand him, nor did our ears recognize the scuffing noise that was Jimmy walking up the road in his overshoes, with his shoes in his overcoat pocket. He had waded through water almost to his knees at Coleman's Brook and walked the two miles from Hadley where he had left his car.

the river was high we used to mark its rise on the abutment of the railroad bridge. And many is the time the swirling water was so close to the floor of the old bridge when we went to Northampton, we would wonder whether we would be permitted to get home again that way. The present modern structure accommodates four cars across, and is so far above the river as to give one complete security. But if an old-timer is allowed to ramble on about the old days I shall tell you about two times in my sixty years (so far) when there was no security in the Valley.

Wednesday morning, March 18th, 1936 dawned rainy and gray after a night of rain. From our house we could see the river swollen and angry, a-pace and then the mist lifted. Bridges of green grass showed on the lower meadow between lakes of fast rising water. At 10:30 I took the girls to Northampton to the dentist, and the water in a brook between our house and Hadley was as high as it had been the week before when an ice-jam had raised the river, and the jet go before any much damage had happened. The water and mist was so close to the floor of the old bridge that we feared we could not get back before the bridge was closed. We hurried through our errands and got home at noon to find the water was very much higher everywhere. Husband John telephoned to the Weather Office for their prognostication for flood height, and whether or not the bridge would be closed. They did not know when the peak would be reached, rain was to continue for at least 24 hours, and the bridge would surely have to be closed. John loaded the delivery truck with as much milk as it could carry and sent it, the driver, over to Northampton about three o'clock in the afternoon. Ordinarily the milk would have gone at three or four the next morning. Ben, a worker, had an apartment for the winter at 13 Belmont and he was to sleep there to cover the milk, park it at the house, and rest himself to his own arrangement.

Here at the farm John was worried about all the equipment, and the cows. No one knew where the water would come to. John felt he should get the cows to higher ground and wondered whether he could move the horses and all. I could not believe it could be necessary, but after a trip to Hadley John had felt an ominous atmosphere down there and felt we should prepare for anything. By four o'clock water was pouring down the side of our Cousins' house across the road. At that time we knew that Jimmy was on his way up from Boston, but we did not wait for him to arrive. The rising water which had backed in over the upper meadow was joined by the increasing height of the main stream on the lower meadow and poured over Jimmy's driveway which stood out of the waters like a causeway. We wanted to move as much furniture as we could to the upper floor. We had one flashlight. Daylight was very dim. Mrs Dumitz, the next neighbor up the road had pulled the electric switch and removed the fuse earlier in the afternoon. We decided at this time to send the children to North Hadley in the care of John's old nurse who lived safely on a hill which we felt was out of all danger.

Everything we could we moved up stairs or set up on chairs. In our hurry and confusion we forgot to remove lower desk drawers, and the desk was too heavy to budge. We had no time to think of the bit old trunk where the rugs mostly rolled lay on the floor, just back from the windows. When Mr. Riley who was our Herdsman called to tell us that the water was pouring over the North driveway, we hurried out and waded across. As Riley went down the road in the dark he called out "Here's the boss." We could not understand him, nor did our ears recognize the sloshing noise. It was Jimmy walking up the road in his overshoes, with his shoes in his overcoat pocket. He had waded through water almost to his knees at the brook and walked the two miles from Hadley where he had left his car.

John and I hurried back with cousin Jimmy for him to take a quick look around. First he went out on the stoop of the Old House. It was as if one were standing on the deck of a ship with the waves almost engulfing it. He said already the water had come higher than in 1927 and it was rising at the rate of about ten inches an hour.

John had had no lunch. In the afternoon I had tried to make him take a cup of coffee. He had drunk a half cup and them hurried away. Now I tried to concentrate on cooking supper. Jimmy told us of the deluge he had come through in Worcester and how he scarcely got through. I have also the recollection of his describing some beautiful white birs, heron, I think which he had seen on a recent trip to Florida with Dr. Thom Barbour. It was a nightmare to try to ptovide food, listen politely about the birds, and think what to do with the cows. I put something before Jimmy and dashed over to try to help the men drive twenty-six cows and heifers from the barnyard to the hill beyond. The water was knee-deep already and the cows thrashed around hating to go through it. Wemyss Denton had on hip-boots and drove one cow through. With the help of neighbors, among whom Henry Comins and Rev. Francis Drake, the others were urged to follow. Eleven of our best cows were left in the Barn, as well as a few calves, too young to spend a night out in the cold wet rain.

Then we took time for a bite. John went out again to reconnoitre. He returned with the news that when the Fire Siren in Hadley blew we were to evacuate as it was feared that the dam at Vernon, Vt. could not stand the terrific waters. They thought a part had already given away. While John was arranging to take the rest of the cows to Mrs Stockwell's barn a telephone girl called to confirm the warning. Mrs. Stockwell lived about a half a mile north of us but on a considerable rise. Her barn already was full of Roy Comins cows. Because he lives on the River side of the road he had been engulfed about the same time that Jimmy's house had, and his stock and family had had to leave earlier. His wife and parrot were ferried away from their house in a boat with the parrot muttering "All damn foolishness".

John went over to the Farm to start the men up the road and I got warmly dressed for a night in the open. I can't say I was calm or collected for when clearing the table I found myself putting the sugar bowl in the ice-box. The telephone rang evdry few minutes with calls from good hearted people in Northampton who thought they could take the children. How they expected us to get them to Northampton I never knew. Once when the bell rang the Operator was giving me a message about the siren's warning and I told her that I could hear a siren at that minute but could not tell where it was. She called me back to say it was a fire in Amherst. Our Hadley siren did not blow for another hour. As fast as the boys could lead a few cows to safety I drove the boys back to the Farm for another trip. I kept our dog Trushka in the car with me because I did not know when I might be cut off from the house. On the way up the road with the last cows we heard the Hadley siren blow. We hurried back to the Farm where Jimmy carried the biggest most unweildy baby he'd ever had to deal with into the Horse barn because it is built up higher than the Cow barn.. John pulled the electric switches and we each took a truck or tractor or car to drive it to safety. We met the boys who took over the vehicles as the street lights went out. Some of the neighbors had left lights on in their houses. The Benbens had left a porch light on, and during the night as we made the rouns on watch we saw the porch railing disappear under the water.

It was about three o'clock when Jimmy John, and I were walking down the road we found it covered about at the watering trough, near the Benben's The ROAR of the river was frightful, and with one accord we turned and quickened our steps towards higher ground. Jimmy had sticks at the edge of the water to mark its rise. He slept fitfully in Mrs Stockwell's

parlor. Unfortunately for me I had to stay out doors because I had chosen to wear very heavy ski pants without foresight, wearing nothing under them which might be termed socially presentable in the parlor. The house was so very warm I had perforce to rest with the dog in the car. At one time the Northern sky was illuminated by a pale green light as the Flood engulfed a power house. At another time I heard the collapse of a tobacco barn somewhere. It was like the sound of a trainload of boards clattering down. We could hear voices calling on the other shore of the river where a Government Patrol boat was fighting the strong current and ice to rescue townspeople of Hatfield who were caught in the house along the Main St when the River cut in above the town and flowed right through it. The boat had a huge searchlight and we could see them at work. John made the rounds among us all through the night. A cow had to be cut loose where she had nearly strangled to death thrashing around in her strange surroundings. I forgot to mention that John had received a mean blow from a cow when he was leading one up the road earlier. This had given him a black eye. Mrs. Stockwell made breakfast for one lad who had taken a nap in the barn and being thoroly wet had suffered a chill. She made breakfast for the rest of us about five o'clock. The rain still came down in showers, and the river continued to rise.

We drove down the road, in one place through water ten inches deep, and found the farm buildings almost surrounded by water. Over our fields there was a huge collection of ice and wood of all kinds. The birds were unusually vociferous as if rejoicing that humans had deserted the place. John went into our house and started the pump which drains our cellar. We all thought that the peak had been reached, but as a matter of fact, the river continued to rise for another 24 hours. I went to get the children and found that Mrs. Scott had had ninex children and ten adults as guests from the lowlands, Other houses on the hill had been filled the same way, and there had been very little sleeping done all night.

With the idea of salvaging bottles and caps towards making up a load Wemyss, the children and I went back to the Farm. We discovered that the water was deeper across the road,and above Wemyss' knees as he waded around in the Dairy. As he slowly laboured through the Water with all the things we could take that had not been contaminated by Flood Isaw the flood pour over the road by our mail-box. As the new influx added to the water we were already in I realized that we were in danger of being stranded there. At this time Wemyss got out the canoe which we had been keeping for a friend and found a broom for a paddle. The depth of water in the barn was six inches.

When we were safe on high ground again we went to Amherst with the children. It was only nine but it seemed like noon. We learned that the Hadley "refugees" were housed by Amherst College. The State College had the townspeople from Sunderland. One man asked where he could best "see" the Flood. It was too personal for me to appreciate the Flood as a spectacle, but that was only the beginning of the sightseers who annoyed us all. It is queer to be set apart from the world by circumstances and then stared at by fellowmen. As we had no police protection we set up our own system to keep people out of our flooded area. We left the children with a friend in Amherst and went back to do whatever had to be done with our minds relieved to have them safe and x cared for until we were able to be home again.

After lunch John was taking a short nap when I took the canoe and broomed my way across the pasture to my back door. If I had not made the error of opening it we might have suffered far less damage than we did. Like all stupid things "I did not think" but opening the door I thought the field would drain in. The water came to just below the floor joists. The only thing I salvaged was a little keg of brandy which rose at my feet as the water poured in. Our faithful pump went on pumping even though submerged and when it finally stopped it had reduce the depth of the

ater sufficiently so thatJohn could wade in and take the pump out for epairs.

Friday morning about three o'clock the peak of the flood was reached. fter breakfast we went down to the house in the canoe. The men took food ver to the cows on the hill. They had milked as many as they could on he ground the day before, but this was the first food they had had. We earned that our neighbors to the East had stayed up all the first night, nd watched over the cows and buildings for any sign of anything wrong. ohn spent some time at the telephone trying to arrange to have the milk ransported by air or motorboat. It was finally arranged that our own ruck could meet us in Amherst by travelling seventy-five miles around the alley. There the State College agreed to pasteurize and bottle for us. he round trip for that load of milk for Northampton was 150 miles. By he regular road we are five miles away.

Saturday dawned rainy again, but the river was definitely on the ebb. ltho the water was still high, being up to the elm tree by the cottage, he men went early to work cleaning out the barn. In two hours they had t ready with dry shavings and a thick coat of old hay for bedding, and good feed of hay in the mangers. Down the road came the first return- ng settlers, a rather thrilling sight of life returning to drying land. y noon our barns were bulging with over 60 head of live stock.

By aftdrnoon the river had gone down far enough for us to walk into our ouse without boots. Sunday was clear with a 45 mile an hour blowing to elp dry the fields. As the water receded the signs of wreck and ruin ere bared. Buildings were undermined or overturned. Great craters had een made in some fields, and in some places a thick layer of silt or and covered what had been fertile soil. In the Hadley burying ground ombstones were all jumbled. One man had been carried away in the flood, nd no trace of him to this day. Some others were caught in trees until escued. Another family kept their two fine horses in the parlor which as a little above water.

On Monday I brought the children home. The State Health Inspectors ad checked our Dairy and given us permission to take care of our milk here. We had a pass to permitthe truck to use the shaky old bridge, and o we began to function nearly normally again.

Instead of adding the account of the hurricane to the Flood, I think had better mail this part now so that you will have a little rest be- tween chapters. We had nothing very unusual from March 1936 until September 1938 so that we had settled into a feeling of peace in our Valley until that Wednesday September 21st when almost a week of rain had caused the river to rise alarminly. We spent the afternoon reassuring ourselves that the water was coming very slowly, that the tributary streams, and bridges were having the worst of all, but that the new dikes and dredging (since 1936) would take care of the Connecticut. In North Hadley there was excitement over a little bridge which was indanger of being washed out. The town trucks hurried up the road with gravel. While John was at the scene he heard some one say that the hurricane was due at three. We dismissed the idea as we had had no such Storm warning from the Radio.

At a little after four o'clock John and Jane Ann started to drive to Hadley for the afternoon paper, and to go over the hill to a neighbor's for eggs. Sally and I played beanbag. As I played with her the rain and wind increased, and the electric light first dimmed then blinked and blinked and went out at 5:35. Immediately I thought of all our electric equipment. The milkers, the milk cooler, the ice-cream cabinet, our own ice-box, and last of all our faithful little pump which had been going steadily for two days waging a losing fight with the water rising in the cellar. As the kitchen stove, being electric, was useless I knew I should have to cook on the fire in the furnace, but I was not worried.

Friday morning about three o'clock the peak of the flood was reached. After breakfast we went down to the house in the canoe. Then we took food to the cows on the hill. They had milked as many as they could on ground the day before, but this was the first food they had had. We learned that our neighbors to the East had stayed up all the first night, watched over the cows and buildings for any sign of anything wrong. John spent some time at the telephone trying to arrange to have the milk transported by air or motorboat. It was finally arranged that our truck could meet us in Amherst by travelling seventy-five miles around the valley. There the State College agreed to pasteurize and bottle for us. The round trip for that load of milk for Northampton was 150 miles; by the regular road we are five miles away.

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By afternoon the river had gone down far enough for us to walk into our house without boots. Sunday was clear with a 45 mile an hour wind blowing to dry the fields. As the water receded the signs of wreck and ruin showed. Buildings were undermined or overturned. Great craters had taken place in some fields, and in some places a thick layer of silt or sand covered what had been fertile soil. In the Hadley burying ground the stones were all jumbled. One man had been carried away in the flood, and no trace of him to this day. Some others were caught in trees until rescued. Another family kept their two fine horses in the parlor which was a little above water.

On Monday I brought the children home. The State Health Inspectors had checked our Dairy and given us permission to take care of our milk again. We had a pass to permit the truck to use the Coney old bridge, and we began to function nearly normally again.

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At a little after four o'clock John and Gene Snow started to drive to the city for the afternoon paper, and to go over the hill to a neighbor's for a few. Sally and I played checkers. As I played with her the rain and wind increased, and the electric light first dimmed then blinked and blinked out at 5:35. Immediately I thought of all our electric equipment, the milkers, the milk cooler, the ice-cream cabinet, our own ice-box, and most of all our faithful little pump which had been going steadily for the beginning a losing fight with the water rising in the cellar. A

Just then John and Jane Ann drove in and dashed through the driving rain into the house. They were breathless trying to describe the perils of their trip from Hadley with trees crashing all around them. Jane Ann cried uncontrollably while I tried to reassure her that we were safe at home, all together. I tried to keep their minds on what was happening rather than on what might happen. In fact I wanted to be out in the Storm myself and caused John considerable anxiety when I did go out for a minute to feel the intensity of the wind. He knew that our house was not attached to the foundations by anything more substantial than its own weight and the various pipes for water and steam. He feared that the house would be tipped over, and he naturally preferred me inside than blowing around outside no matter what Cosmic thrill I was having.

The days of rain preceding the Wind had so soaked the ground that the trees had no hold in the ground, and the Wind twisted from one direction and then from another in the nature of Hurricanes so that if a tree had managed to stand against the blow from one direction it was so weakened it might fall when the Wind changed. One could not keep up with what was going on. Many trees in the Lane fell, and one after the other of the great elms which lined the road crashed down. John saw one of the sycamores carry away with the top of the next in the row. We could see a shattered shaft of the big maple tree in the center of the Farm yard standing like a stalk of celery with its tuft of leaves at the top. We could not tell how many of the tall pines had fallen which hadstood for over a hundred years, and which had caused the old place to be called Pine Grove. The tulip tree, and the old elm by the Farm cottage, were both able to stand the storm. If either had fallen they could have caused great damage to the houses under their tremendous spreading branches. As it was we were very fortunate we had no such damage. Shingles came flying across the field from the Barn roof. At first a few came and then they came like a flock of starlings splashing into the water in the field as they fell.

A friend of the family, Robert S.Towler, was alone in the Brown House. He had a terrific time. He said he saw the walls moving and thought the whole structure would collapse. Shutters banged, and broke windows, and in one room the entire window, sash and all blew in on him as he tried to nail up boards to prevent that happening. He was cut by glass. The men in the Barn went around trying to nail doors shut, but the Wind blew them off or crooked as fast as they could fasten them. At last there was a break in the clouds, the wind had gone leaving us to the mercy of coming darkness and the rising River. Thousands and thousands of dollars of damage in all New England, complete devastation and death from Ocean to mountain top. Miles and miles of Light and Telephone wires hung like old streamers after a festival. There could be no Electric power for weeks, no communication except on foot, and it was difficult to go anywhere because every few feet there was the tangle of a fallen tree.

While we sat in candle light trying to eat a neighbor came to get John to bring his gun to shoot a heifer which had been caught with two others by the collapse of a Tobacco barn where they sought shelter. She had died by the time they reached her. In the rain and dark no one felt like pulling the barn apart to find the others. No one believed they had lived. But about one o'clock in the morning one of the boys poking around found one of these heifers and through the timbers he found her warm to touch. He hurried back to get help and axes to cut her loose. They located the other too, and went to work to clear the beams which held them pinned to earth. Finally the animals were able to get to their feet and walk off without any visible injury. These animals would have been drowned as the water deepened where they lay if Tony had not found them.

John and I took everything we could out of our cellar, because without electricity there was no way to prevent the water rising. Our little modern house was practically useless. We took the children over to the Cottage at the Farm for the night. Later we planned to move to the big house.

The Library mantel

At the moment the Brown house harboured Lee Higgins, his wife and two childrenwho with Mrs. Scott had left their house in North Hadley to see how the River looked, and as they were caught in the storm they had driven around and around trying to find a clear road to get home by. Each road became blocked by fallen trees until at last they managed to reach the Farm and comparative safety. It is a miracle that they were neither struck by falling trees or branches nor blown off the road. Lee planned to walk home to care for his chickens and then to return to take the load of milk to Northampton because he feared that by morning the Bridge would be impassable.

While he was gone our men in the light of automobiles used the tractor to clear a way to get the Milk truck started for Hadley. First there was a small elm, then a huge pine tree with four trunks, then two elms, then a part of an elm. All these had fallen from our property obliquely across the road. The truck with its load of cases filled with milk bottles had to be helped through the ditchacross the top branches of these fallen trees. Then it came to a tree so big that even the top branches were impenetrable, we had to go around at the other end. On the other side of that tree we met friends from Hadley trying to go North. We told them they could not pass beyond our Farm except on foot because of seven great trees across the road. Mr. Towler went with Lee in the truck, and when I saw him later he said he felt permanently marked as a result of sitting some fourteen hours on the tops of empty milk bottles. I felt rather hysterically desperate that it was the last load of milk we would send from the Farm. Things were dirty, there was no way to cool the milk, no way to store it, to say nothing of pasteurizing and all the washing and sterilizing of the bottles.

John had considerable concern for the cows because with the River rising we had to take care that our forty-four cows would not be trapped. On the other hand it was not safe to turn them loose on the hill in the dark because we were sure the fences were down, and furthermore we had no boat with which to ferry around caring for them. So we spent the night marking the advance of the backwater, as well as the main flood level as it came up over the meadows by cousbn Jimmy Huntington's. About four a.m. all indications were that the rise was only about four inches an hour instead of six or eight as it had been. After milking the herd it was driven to a neighbor's pasture where we could get to them without a boat. At that time they would have had to swim to our hill.

The sun shone brightly over the water-covered fields. Squash from a farmer to the south of us bobbed merrily in the wavelets. Everyone was cheerfulin spite of the fact that the water silently and steadily krept higher. John said he did not mind any of us staying on at the Farm if we had a boat, so we took a truck to North Hadley and borrowed one of the boats used for fishing on the pond. This was unloaded by the Dairy on dry land. In the middle of the afternoon I put out the anchor lest it float away but the water never washed over the top of the cement block which was the anchor. I had the pleasure of watching the water go down from that point.

At the State College the power is supplied by their own plant, so they could still function. As always they were generous and wonderfully helpful in agreeing to handle our milk in their Dairy until we should have electricity at the Farm again. John found the town of Amherst a shambles, but the College students were working like woodsmen to clear the streets. People had to cook ower open fires, very few had the old-fashioned type of range. Thbse who had them took in dozens of less fortunate neighbors for a bite to eat. While John was in Amherst Cousin Jimmy decided not to spend another night in his house becamse with the river still rising he was really completely cut off. I watched him being ferried from his house to the road. Then the family in the Cottage decided to take their

baby out of any possibility of danger. When they all had gone I had about an hour absolutely alone. I went from house to house to make sure there was nothing forgotten which I could pick up before the water reached it. Not having boots I waded around barefooted holding my skirts up where the water deepened. It is amazing how many slight changes there are under foot without our realizing them. I would say it was quite level between our house and the barns, but here and there the water went over my knees. In our cellar the water was not over my knees and that turned out to be the high point. From five o'clock on it was clear that the flood level was falling. It was a tremendous relief. The Family in the Cottage came back, and we all had a jolly supper in the Big House together.

The next days were spent in chopping, cleaning and dragging ourselves to rights again. A much larger tractor than ours came from Hadley to pull the trunks of the trees off the road. Men sat on either side of those trunks pulling a crosscut saw without seeing the man on the other end of the saw for a couple of hours when suddenly the weight of roots and dirt on the torn up tree would pull that end of the treeback into place as the sawing freed it from the main trunk. This would leave the two little men sitting looking at each other in x surprised We had oil lamps, and fireplaces, and a stove in the big house. We were very comfortable. It was really a relief not to have the bother of answering telephone calls for a week. And I found that we all got much better rest without the stimulation of electric lights.

The entire little apple orchard had been uprooted. The pines onthe hill were like a huge pile matches tumbled together. The wood which we could not have sawed into lumber served to heat the Cottage for two years. We put a floor in the attic of our small house and made two rooms up there for the girls. In the last two years we have planted one thousand pine trees which will in time restore the growth on the hill. One thing I shall never forget is the smell of the leaves of the trees. They had been torn off the trees and torn into little bits and plastered every wall. It was a very sweet sickening smell, but it lasted only a short time.

When John was at the Harvard Business School in the Spring, and we had had twenty-four hours of rain I became nervous about the river and asked John for a boat. He ordered one for us from Maine. A few days later John and the boat arrived about the same time but there was no flood. In fact since we have had our boat in hand we have had no threat. We have had hurricane sensitive weather reports, even when it is only a possibility. Now and then there has been an abnormally low barometer, or freak gusts of hurricane strength but no large scale disaster since 1938. This does not mean that we have not learned that these things are possible we are quite respectful of the Elements, and I think we qualify as experts in disaster.

Because they happen so much more frequently as to be almost the expected thing I have not mentioned the severe thunder and lightening storms. They build up vicious combinations of wind and rain and hail which ruin valuable tobacco crops. The tongues of lightening have killed a neighbor sitting under a tree in his yard, electrocuted cows, and set fire to barns. We have protected the barns and dwellings with copper lightening conductors and I hope we will escape this manifestation of celestial strength.

Just because I have given you this account of our experiences I hope you are not dissuaded from paying us a visit. We could not promise that any one of them might happen, and the again just the right combination of things might make history to repeat itself.

Granny's favorite view

R. G. H. S.

1859 - 1946

Finis.

A Map of a New Vacation Land

PIONEER VALLEY ASSOCIATION

Northampton, Massachusetts

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THIS is a map of a new vacation-land—2,000 miles of meadows, mountains and valleys, rivers, streams, and waterfalls—hundreds of scenic drives and hundreds of things to see. In this valley are seventy cities and towns where vacationists or home owners can find quiet and gaiety, education, recreation—and cool summer weather. You may stay at an inn in the country, in a great hotel in the city (both are near all the recreational spots), or you may lease or buy a rambling farmhouse with a view of a purple mountain.

No one knows how many trout streams we have in Pioneer Valley. They wind through woods and meadows, tumble into bright waterfalls, and splash by many a neat farmhouse. No one has ever counted the spots for swimming in stream-lined outdoor swimming pools, and in lakes high in the hills, and in lakes just around a fork in valley roads, pink with laurel.

The most famous schools and colleges in the United States are in Pioneer Valley. You will want to visit these institutions, and perhaps enroll in one of the well-attended summer courses and conferences.

On the reverse side of this map are a number of carefully-planned drives that will take you into scenes you will never forget—changing panoramas of water, woods and hills, country lanes, and wistful villages.

Come here the second week in June for the beautiful laurel displays along almost every roadside. In Westfield and in twenty-five other towns, the proud citizens themselves will conduct you on out-of-the-way drives to see exceptional laurel. Some of these displays are on private property and you would never find them alone.

Stay through the summer for the cool weather and the good times you can have here. Stay through the fall for the glory of the foliage throughout the section, especially on the Mohawk Trail. Stay for winter sports—good skiing and cheerful open fires. Then, you may want to stay here permanently, and we hope you will.

May we send you a list of hotels and inns, or farms for sale for summer homes? Or a guide of what to see in each town? Or help you to plan a pleasant vacation?

PIONEER VALLEY ASSOCIATION
Northampton, Massachusetts

Pioneer Valley is in Western Massachusetts—near both Boston and New York City.

(Orange Continued)

three miles south of Orange, for Petersham, Barre, and Worcester.

PALMER

From Palmer Village, drive north along Route 32. This is a very scenic drive, with a view of Mt. Dumplin, a glimpse of the ancient burial grounds of Forest Lake and the rich farmlands along the banks of the Ware River. Here you also see Mt. Pottaquattuck guarding the northern gateway of one of the most beautiful sections of Massachusetts. To the east of Palmer, a panoramic view of hill and valley, with the swiftly running Quaboag, the fisherman's paradise.

SHELBURNE

Four miles west of Greenfield on the Mohawk Trail, turn right at Peckville Road, traveling through deep woods. Here you get a view of three states—1,000-acre panorama of hillside pastures. At dead end, turn left at Greenfield-Colrain Road, then to Colrain-Shelburne Road, passing 3,000 fruit trees in the Mohawk Orchard; then back to Mohawk Trail.

SOUTH HADLEY

Historical old town of South Hadley, the home of Mt. Holyoke College, may be reached by either Route 116 or 63. The latter route also may be followed to reach the Mt. Holyoke mountain top to see a panoramic view of the Connecticut River, hills, and valleys, which world travelers say is unsurpassed. At South Hadley visit the Skinner Museum for collection of early American furniture, tools, documents, and books. The Summit House, once visited by Abraham Lincoln, may be reached by motor road from Route 63 and by cable railway.

through Mundale; take second road on right beyond the Filter Beds; at surge tank bear left to Cobble Mountain Reservoir; turn left again, proceeding around reservoir; 2 miles to Phelon Hill on Borden Brook Road. About 10 miles.

From Westfield, drive west on Route 20 to Russell town line. The Tekoa Park entrance is around the next bend of the road, on the left. Drive in, and walk up Outlook Path on right, along the laurel trail. About five and a half miles.

WILLIAMSBURG

On Route 9 at Williamsburg, turn right at hotel, cross bridge, continue through North Street on Valley Road to Ashfield. This route is not numbered, but is a very attractive drive and follows along the east branch of the Mill River through a most beautiful wooded country. As you approach South Ashfield, you will see a wide panorama of hills and valleys, especially beautiful in apple blossom time. Leaving South Ashfield, familiarly known by townsfolks as "Tin Pot," take the lower road to Conway. This is the "Sunset Trail" (Route 116). This drive is one of the most beautiful and fascinating in this section of the state. In Conway, the Field Memorial Library, given by Marshall Field in memory of his father who was a native of this town. From Conway, Route 116 leads to South Deerfield, then by Route 10 to Northampton. A side trip, a few miles south of South Deerfield, turns right to Whately's picturesque picnic glen and scenic views.

THE COLLEGE CIRCUIT

Round-robin directions for a trip which may be started at varying points.

(From Northfield) take Route 10, pass Mt. Hermon School, 555 students, the boys' school of the Northfield

from June to October.—Here is a Coliseum seating 6,000, and the Industrial Arts Building, finest exhibit building in New England, with 124,000 square feet of floor space.

* * *

Northeast from Springfield, via Chicopee Falls, visit U. S. Army Northeast Air Base (Westover Field)—4,300-acre field located at Chicopee-Ludlow line.

WARE

To Quabbin Reservoir, New England's second largest lake and Boston's new water supply, follow Route 9 westerly from Ware five miles. New scenic highway crosses dam and dike and over the mountain where ghost towns mark 17-mile lake region. Sightseeing bus leaves Ware each Sunday afternoon for Quabbin Reservoir.

WESTFIELD

Take Route 20, known as the "Laurel Way," to Woronoco, Russell, Huntington, over the new bridge, turn sharp left and go to Chester Center, Middlefield, Hinsdale, Worthington, South Worthington, Huntington, and back to Westfield. On the "Skyline Trail" between Chester Center and Middlefield, especially beautiful scenery. More than 20,000 laurel plants have been set out on Route 20 between Westfield and Bonny Rig 4 Corners.

The Westfield River Parkway Association has printed directions and a map of eight beautiful laurel drives that are off the main highways. These drives pass through private property, the owners having given the Association permission to allow the public to visit these unusual displays. These directions will be sent on request to the Pioneer Valley Association, Northampton, Mass.

Here are two of the drives:

From Westfield's "Green," drive west on Court Street one mile; bear left on Granville Road; pass

The paper for this map is India Albion Offset, manufactured by the American Writing Paper Company of Holyoke in Pioneer Valley.

back to Greenfield, crossing Connecticut River on French King Bridge, wonderful view.

THE HILLTOP TRAIL

From New York City to Greenfield

The Hilltop Trail is a beautiful scenic drive outlined by the Westfield River Parkway Association from New York City to the Westfield River Parkway and Pioneer Valley areas. The Association has indicated a direct route over existing highways, chiefly over improved roads, that does not increase the distance, as compared with the more commonly used highways.

The Hilltop Trail (not yet marked as such) starts at the Battery in New York City. Follow the Henry Hudson Speedway, the Saw Mill River Parkway, and the Bronx River Parkway Extension to Route 22 near White Plains. Follow Route 22 to Towners, then cross over to Route 37 and Route 7 to New Milford. From New Milford take Route 25 to Torrington, Route 4 to Bakersville, Route 219 to New Hartford. From New Hartford follow new highway No. 179 to East Hartland, from East Hartland to Granville Center and Cobble Mountain Reservoir to Route 17 in Blandford. Follow state road through North Street in Blandford to Bonny Rigg Four Corners in Becket, Route 8 from Bonny Rigg Four Corners to Hinsdale, thence to Peru, Worthington, Cummington, Plainfield, Ashfield, Buckland, and Shelburne Falls to Greenfield. With the exception of a few miles of country road in Granville, and about two miles of an abandoned road in Blandford, the trail as indicated is entirely over improved hard surface highways.

In following the Hilltop Trail one reaches country and hilltop scenery immediately on leaving the vicinity of White Plains and this continues over the entire route. The hilltop elevation varies from 800 feet in the vicinity of Brewster, N. Y., to 2,200 feet in the Westfield River Parkway and Pioneer Valley section.

This map is published by the members of the Pioneer Valley Association in Franklin, Hampden and Hampshire Counties and by the County governments of Hampshire and Hampden Counties.

SPRINGFIELD

At the famous Municipal Group, which all who appreciate beautiful architecture should visit, see the surrounding country from the 300-foot tower. From this point, take several interesting trips. South from the Municipal Group follow U. S. Route 5 to southern entrance to city—visit Forest Park with its extensive zoo, charming lakes, picnic grounds, rose gardens. On west side of Columbus Avenue, at city line, is King Philip's Stockade with fireplaces and shelters and a splendid view up and down the Connecticut River. East from Municipal Group, follow U. S. Route 20 (State Street) to Public Library (at Chestnut Street), regular exhibits, as well as most "home town" newspapers. Here is a quadrangle of museums, including George Walter Vincent Smith Gallery (statuary, cloisonne, rare jade, Japanese sword guards); Museum of Natural History (aquarium, only American-made planetarium, as well as group exhibits); William Pynchon Memorial Building (home of Connecticut Valley Historical Society—colonial memorabilia of the valley); and Museum of Fine Arts. To Federal Street on U. S. Route 20 (top of hill); turn left on Federal Street to entrance United States Armory, established 1795 by George Washington—visit Small Arms Museum, the largest in the world.

STORROWTON—West Springfield

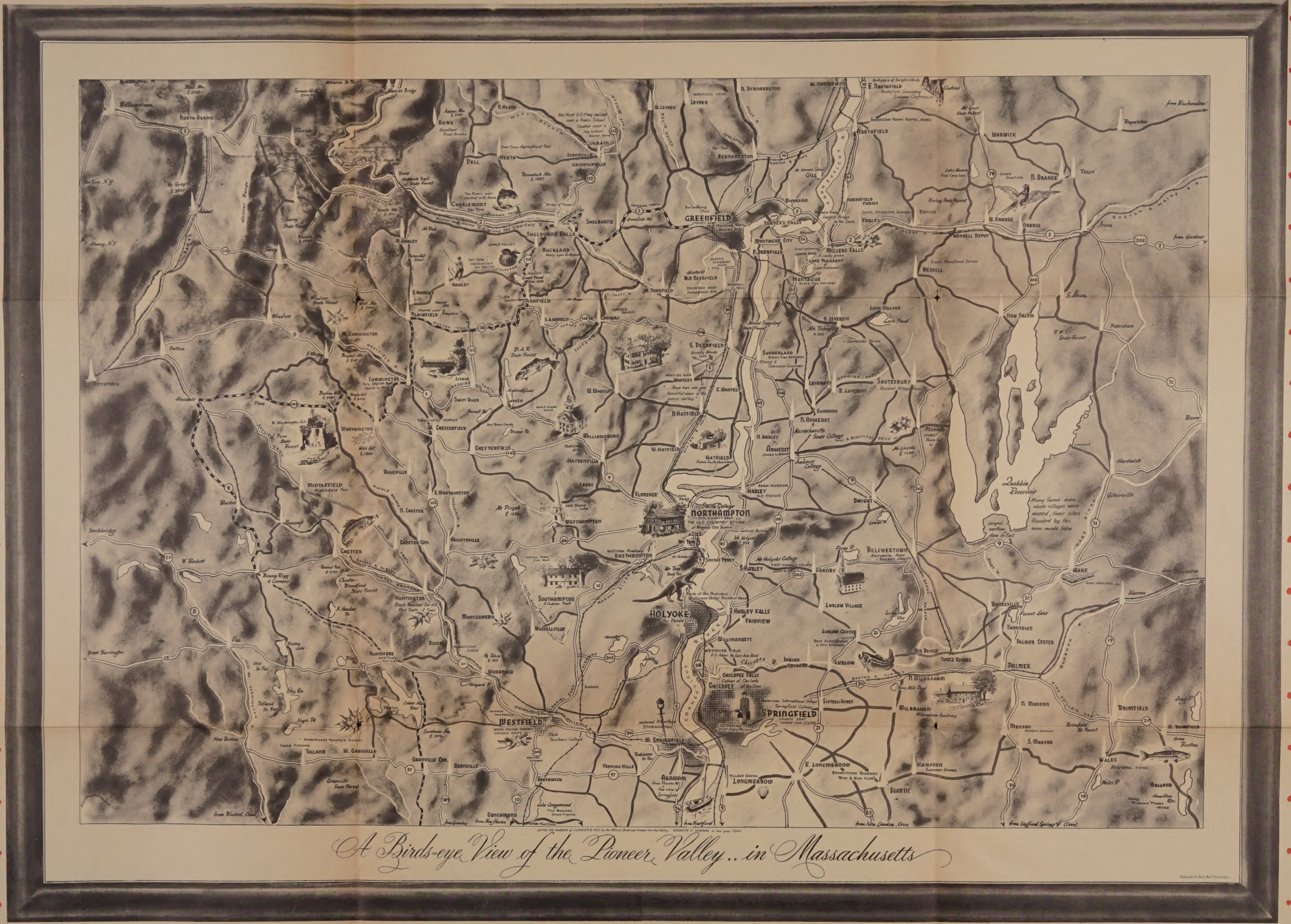
West from Springfield's Municipal Group over Memorial Bridge, U. S. Routes 5 and 20, bear left on Route 57, one mile to Eastern States Exposition Grounds. Be sure to see the lovely restored New England Village of Storrowton at the Exposition. This village, with its old houses, tavern, country store, church, gardens, and village green, is world famous. There are many special events here; you can join in the country dances held in the Stagecoach Barn each Friday

Schools group; continue on Route 10 (Greenfield start, end) to Old Deerfield, Deerfield Academy, famous boys' school, with an enrollment of 340. Continue on Route 10 to Northampton (Northampton start, end), Smith College, largest women's college in the world, founded 1871, enrollment 2,100. Take Route 5 to Holyoke (from Springfield take Route 5, starting and ending here) (Holyoke start, end here.) Take Route 202 at junction, continue left on Route 116 to South Hadley, Mt. Holyoke College, first women's college in the United States, founded 1836, enrollment 1,000. Continue Route 116 to Amherst (Amherst start and end here), Amherst College, with 900 students, founded in 1821; Massachusetts State College, enrollment 1,200. Continue on Route 116 to Sunderland. Take Route 63 to East Northfield, Northfield Seminary, the girls' division of the Northfield Schools, with an enrollment of 550. (Northfield trip ends here.) Persons starting at other points continue as though from Northfield to destination.

GREENFIELD

57 Miles of Traditional New England,
All Hard-Surfaced Roads

From Greenfield, drive south on Route 5, turning right at sign to Old Deerfield, pre-revolutionary houses, John Williams house, Memorial Hall Colonial Museum, Old Brick Church, interesting monuments in burying ground, Indian House, a reproduction of one burned by the Indians, Deerfield Academy Continue ahead, rejoining Route 5, note Bloody Brook monument as you enter South Deerfield. Turn left on Route 116, Mt. Sugarloaf—good road to summit—wonderful view; continue on Route 116, crossing Connecticut River into Sunderland, great onion fields; at Amherst, Massachusetts State College, Amherst College; turn left on Route 9, shortly turn left on road to Pelham, famous old town hall; turn left on Route 202, magnificent view; take left fork Route 122 to Orange; turn left Route 2



In pretty, tree-shaded towns where the quiet of summer drones through the streets, in serene green valleys, tucked away in beautiful hills and mountains, near cool rivers and brooks, and down roads thick with laurel, you will find pleasant places to stay in this new vacationland. City hotels, country inns, and neat white farmhouses that take summer guests (and feed them well), all are near famous scenic drives, historic spots, and every recreation to make the perfect vacation.

On this map we have shown just a few of these recreations. Thirty splendid golf courses are listed on the reverse side. Descriptions of miles and miles of the most carefully planned bridle trails will be sent on request. The list of well-stocked ponds, lakes, brooks, and rivers covers several pages. Many places for swimming are indicated; many more are not shown. Some people take long canoe trips on the Connecticut River and portage around the dams.

This also is an historical land. Springfield, Massachusetts, was settled in 1636 and Northampton in 1654, and treasures of the past are here for the visitor to see: The cruel marks of tomahawks on doorways at Old Deerfield; the oldest town hall in the U. S. at Pelham; the place where the first tiny schoolhouse proudly raised the U. S. flag at Colrain. Daniel Shays and Johnny Appleseed lived here. The town of Palmer officially declared its independence from Great Britain seventeen days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Duryea invented the automobile in Springfield.

You can spend many a day in historical associations and museums—and, if you are a collector of antiques, carry away many choice items.

For those who just want to rest—a good book in the velvet woods, a drive into the glorious sunset, good New England food by a cool window.

And if you would like to live here as many do, let us send you a list of town or country houses suitable for summer or year-around residence—comfortable city homes or white farmhouses with apple orchards and bubbling brooks.

Pioneer Valley is from two to three hours from Boston and from three to four hours from New York City, depending on your destination here.

This map is shown as a Currier & Ives print would look on the wall of an old home. The border is a reproduction of old-fashioned wall paper.

Old Deerfield Fertilizer Co.
South Deerfield, Massachusetts

This was the master bedroom; when Mr. Phelps needed to increase the size of the ouse because he'd married a second time and was adding four children to the first six, the addition which extended this room caused the window with the heart in the shutters to be moved to west wall. The new windows, like the first, came over the ocean from Boston up the river to Hartford, and then overland to Hadley in 1823. As the dhildren grew up, married, and moved away, Mr. Phelps moved his bedroom to the second floor, and this became the parlor. The room has been the scene ~~of~~ for announcement of engagement, weddings, and funerals. Not omitting an occasion when small tables were beautifully set for a fancy luncheon, and the young son of the family told to take a bath in a collapsible bathtub on the floor above, collapsed the bathtub and showered the tables.

The chippendale sofa belonged to Mr. Phelps; the table by the door is a rare dining room piece for carving; one similar may be seen in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. All the rest of the furniture belonged to Bishop Huntington.

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